

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.)

NEW SERIES, No. 71, VOL. III.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

Price 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.		Page	Page	Page
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—			The Topic	511
Van Dieman's Land as it is	505		The Local Historian's Table-Book	511
HISTORY—			MISCELLANEOUS—	
Mackinnon's History of Civilization	507		Sketches of English Character, by Mrs. Gore	511
FICTION—			Literary and Historical Essays	514
Helen Stanley	508		Recollections of a French Marchioness ..	516
The Spanish Conscript	509		Antiquarian and Topographical Sketches ..	517
Valentine M'Clutchy	509		JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE—	
POETRY—			The Great City, by Paul de Kock	518
Poems, by Camilla Toulmin	509		JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE—	
PERIODICALS, &c.—			On the Punishment of Death	521
New Quarterly Review	511		JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY	523
Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine	511		ART—The Royal Academy, &c.	524
The Home Magazine	511		MUSIC—New Publications, &c.	526
Knight's Political Dictionary	511		DRAMA, &c.—	
The People's Journal	511		Drury Lane	527
			French Plays	527
			Haymarket, &c.	528
			NECROLOGY—	
			Thomas Tegg, esq.	523
			J. Le Keux, esq.	529
			Nikolai Polevoi	529
			JOURNAL OF INVENTIONS, &c.	529
			JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—	
			Notes on Vital Magnetism, &c.	530
			HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.	431
			BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR—	
			Literary Intelligence	532
			List of New Books	533
			Books wanted to purchase	534
			ADVERTISEMENTS.	

NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Van Dieman's Land as it is; or, a Letter of Truth. Stamford, 1846: Bagley. London: Edwards and Hughes.

A FEW months since Mr. SIMPSON, of Stamford, received from his nephew, Mr. T. MILLHOUSE, a free settler in Van Dieman's Land, a letter which contained so minute and obviously authentic an account of that colony, without the exaggerations and colourings of colonial agents and other interested parties, that he was induced, unknown to the writer, to publish it for the information of emigrants.

The picture is extremely vivid, and the particulars described so minutely are valuable because they are such as usually escape the notice of more accomplished travellers. The style is sufficiently homely, but therefore is the narrative the more trustworthy. It is, indeed, as the preface terms it, "a plain, unvarnished tale." We shall take more passages than so small a book would seem to justify, on account of their novelty, and because it is probable that our readers will not chance to light upon it.

First, for a powerful—but, we fear, not too warmly coloured—

PICTURE OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

It is one of the fairest spots in the creation; it is also a plague spot, a cesspool, a sink-hole. I sound an anomaly—but not so when I add, that in one sense I speak as to its natural attractions, in the other, as to its social condition. At home, you have your rippling streams and murmuring rills, verdant meads, and flowery dales. Here, we have bold and lofty mountains nobly rearing their snow-capp'd peaks, and proudly baying an Italian sky, the overhanging cliff, the rugged precipice, the craggy steep, the rushing torrent, and the roaring cataract. Yours, alike the abode of wealth, plenty, and gladness, misery, want, and despair; laughing eyes and jocund faces, downcast heads and drooping hearts. This, the compulsory retreat of banished exiles, a nursery of villainy, a hot-bed of iniquity, a stronghold of the devil, a breathing-hole of hell, the continued scene of black, foul, and brutal murder. To wit, every householder is compelled to keep two or three

dogs to drive away prowling scoundrels. If you leave your house, whether in or out of town, for half an hour, think yourself lucky if, on returning, you find any furniture in it, to say nothing of valuables. They don't stick at stealing barns from farms; half a dozen houses are very frequently robbed in one night.

Crimes of violence abound. Person is not more sacred than property. Seven or eight persons are often hung at one time for murder or attempted murder. The details are frightful. But man alone has defaced this glorious land. Beautiful, indeed, is nature there. These are some of the

CURIOSITIES OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

Now for our singularities and peculiarities. Our geographical position will account for the sun apparently moving from right to left, and not from left to right as at home. Magpies are white, where they are black, and black on those parts where they are white at home. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves, and flies kill spiders. We have larks that can't whistle—dogs that can't bark—devils that can't tempt—and, without gammon, trees on which oysters grow; no birds of song delight the grove, or cheer the valley.

Here is a rapid, but singularly faithful, sketch of

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

Amongst the feathered tribe we have emus, black swan, wild fowl, eagle hawks, cockatoos, crows, parrots, &c.; we have a few swallows; they are smaller than those at home. The funny tribe are barracoota, native salmon, flat-head, rock cod, trumpeter, crawfish, rock oysters, muscles, cockles, &c. I have stood on the wharf and seen boys dip their hats in the water and catch fish by hatsful. The animals are the forester, wallaby, and bantecoot, all of the kangaroo species; opossums; the last run about the trees like monkeys, at night; I have been out two or three times, on moonlight nights, shooting them; native dog, native devil, wombat, musk rat, &c. There are no wild black natives in the Colony, owing to there having been several bloody encounters between them and the settlers; all the blacks were caught and sent to Flinders' Island, where they are maintained at the expense of Government. Of the venomous reptiles, the most numerous are the black, the diamond, and the whip-snake, the deaf adder, guanas, and bloodsuckers; the snakes are all deadly; a person bitten by the deaf adder survives only five minutes; if by the others, perhaps an hour or two, and others till sun-set. A poor boy, the other week, put his hand into a rabbit hole, was bitten by a snake, and died that night; his father went and dug a snake out 5 feet long; some measure 10 and 12 feet. I've heard it said that they charm birds so as to fall into their mouths. A man was bit on the finger, and instantly cut it off; a few days after he went to show it to another man, who took up the finger, smelt of it, and such was the noxious state of the poisoned finger, that he dropped dead. The only cure is

by instantly cutting out the part bitten, or sucking, or getting sucked out, the poison. The blacks have saved many lives by the last method. A young lady, in the bush, was bitten on the leg; a Crown prisoner sucked out the poison, and saved her life, for which Government gave him his pardon. A favourite terrier bitch, belonging to our people, was with me in the bush one day; she made a rush at something at my feet—I instantly saw a snake, a twenty-minute gentleman—I knocked her on one side and killed it myself. Shortly afterwards, I gave the bitch to Mr. Young, of the Grange farm; she seized a large diamond snake near his house—her temerity cost her her life—she was bitten and died in an hour. Of the venomous insects, the chief are the scorpion, which stings with its tail, the centipede, as fatal as the snake, and the tarantula, whose bite, it is said, is cured only by music. The principal timber trees are the gum, peppermint, sassafras, she-oak, Huon pine (equal to maple), and Miniosa, or black wattle; the bark of the latter is sent to England for tanning. All vegetables and fruits, common to England, thrive here, but do not attain that perfection. The stone fruit is more abundant, without the flavour. No frost nips the bud or blights the blossom. Peaches and apricots are very plentiful—half-a-quarter being sold for one penny—a quart of green gages for a penny—and other kinds of fruits equally cheap. The fig, date, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and almond, also flourish here; grapes delicious—at this time you can have a pound for a penny; the peach and apricot trees are not trained on the wall, but grow in gardens like apple-trees; the passion-flower grows and runs up the fronts of houses; geraniums reach an amazing height, and are twined into hedges; fuschias prosper well; I have seen tall and elegant bushes of the latter, a beautiful sight; I have also seen a cactus, in the front of a gentleman's house, twenty feet high; American aloes are very common, and very soon attain an immense size; all the flowers and plants I have mentioned are planted in the garden, and remain there throughout the winter, and flourish most luxuriantly; any thing you like to stick in the ground appears to grow. From these facts you will infer that it is a fine climate; I can assure you it is; very healthy, though very changeable—the sky generally clear, unclouded, and brilliant; very little troubled with rain in the summer; when it does come, we have it for a day or two in torrents; one day will be almost insupportably hot, and perhaps the next very cold—or the morning will be extremely hot, and about four o'clock P.M. a sea breeze will set in, and the afternoon and evening will then be very cold. It may be that the injurious effects of these sudden changes are counterbalanced by the salubrity of the sea breeze; at the time I write, the weather is positively enchanting—neither hot nor cold—beautifully warm, sunny days. Owing to the dryness of the weather, and the great heat of the sun in summer, the eye cannot detect, in the landscape, that luxuriant aspect which decks the fertile plains of Old England. We have hot winds, and I have seen the leaves of hawthorn hedges, and of fruit trees completely withered by them. The month of March was considerably hotter than any summer I ever experienced in England. Our Alpine kind of scenery is every where wild, romantic, and picturesque. It would be presumptuous and futile in me to attempt to depict or delineate the natural beauties of the colony; picture to yourself glens, dells, gullies, caves, ravines, and Indian jungles, and you have it.

Now for a picture of

THE SETTLERS.

The principal occupation of the settlers is dairy farming, agriculture, and sheep grazing; these were formerly most excellent specs. But time, which dims the brightest eye—wrinkles the smoothest brow—has had its deteriorating effects. Many persons, from positive indigence, rose to complete affluence—but latterly, from comparative affluence, many have sunk into extreme indigence. Dairy farming is still pretty good; butter used to sell for 3s. and 4s. per lb. now 1s. 6d.; milk 8d. and 1s. per quart, now 4d.; excellent fortunes have been made at this. Agriculture is at a very low ebb—wheat selling at 3s. and 3s. 6d. per bushel; a great deal is sent to England, and, on account of its superior quality, fetches a higher price than the English wheat—I believe it is principally sold for seed. Strange to say, that destructive insect, the weasel, does not affect the wheat of this colony.

At Sydney, wheat only makes 2s. and 2s. 3d. per bushel. If prices don't improve, I guess that the corn growers will soon be *non est inventus*. Some of the agriculturists have an axiom peculiar to themselves—it is, that manure makes the weeds grow, and is, consequently, of no use—most sapient thought. Large and extensive sheep-grazing runs are yet profitably carried on for the sake of the wool, which is all sent to England. Formerly, when mutton was 1s. 6d. per lb. the wool was burnt. About this time, a Mr. Hopkins, who lives in the best house in Hobart Town, and which, at the time it was built, must have cost thousand upon thousand, kept a very small huckster's shop; he took to buying wool at 1d. per lb. and thereby amassed a princely fortune; it makes, in England, from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 3d. and is of a very superior quality. A Mr. Dunn, the wealthiest banker in Hobart Town, one of whose daughters is about to be married to the Governor's son, was, when he arrived here, a poor tailor. Many of the old lags and their descendants sport their carriages: I mean those who came in the good old times, when it was looked upon as a very profitable spec. to try how your brand would fit the carcasses of other men's bullocks, and to strive most laudably thereby, and by divers other known and unknown doubtful means, to obtain a fortune. You twig these gentry by their gaudy equipages, high sleeve-board collars, massive bunches of glittering seals, and bob-tail'd horses.

The writer was smitten with the personal charms of

THE LADIES OF HOBART TOWN.

Hobart Town contains rather more than 16,000 inhabitants, more than half of whom, I beg to inform the lady-killers of England, are females; tall, handsome, genteel, and elegant. I do not mean to assert that I am a connoisseur in beauty, but I think I understand the meaning of colour, form, expression, and grace. I certainly must confess that the frailty of my nature compels me to admit that I have the ladies at heart, and, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I may further advise these lady-killing worshippers at the shrine of beauty that, before they select a wife from amongst this respectable community, and make her the partner of their joys, and the sharer of their sorrows, her lineage requires tracing—her pedigree investigating—she may be the child of an old lag (the cant phrase for a convict); and, if so, although possessing a form equal to Venus—be as fair as Hebe, and as blooming as Aurora, she will most probably be tainted with the inherent viciousness so peculiar to those interesting individuals.

Here, too, are some

FAMOUS CONVICTS.

We have here the celebrated Chartists, Frost, Williams, and Jones; the former of whom is porter at Carter's china warehouse. By the by, Mr. Carter boasts of two curiosities in his establishments, viz.—Frost and his own daughter, called, from her personal attractions, the pride of Hobart Town. Williams is at Port Arthur. The noted Ikey Solomons; the famous Who-be-she; and many other equally well-known shining characters. Sarah Gale, Greenacre's woman, being pretty and good looking, was taken to wait in a pastry cook's shop at Sydney, but being known by a new comer, was hooted out of it.

Our readers will be interested in a few more of these

SCENES AT HOBART TOWN.

The beer used here is made from sugar, and sells at 6d. per quart; paltry stuff. English ale sells at 1s. per quart. With a view to benefit the colonial agriculturists, the Legislative Council passed an Act to prevent the use of sugar, in the making of beer, after the 1st of January, 1845, and to enforce the use of malt made from barley; this, like all the other Acts, was sent for the approval of the Home Government—it was rejected—curious policy, I should say;—I can't stop to discuss political economy, so beg to refer you to Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Rents are very high; a butcher near to us pays 240l. per annum; a grocer 180l.; and a small public house 150l. A license for a public house is 25l. and is to be doubled. We live in Elizabeth-street, the only main outlet for the interior, and there are continually passing to and fro, carts, cabs, carriages, "gig, curricule, and tandem," driving along at random. The Royal Mail and Comet,

Launceston coaches; the Perseverance and Union, New Norfolk coaches; the Tasmanian Richmond coach, and the Victoria coach, to Bagdad, pass and re-pass daily. Don't start at Bagdad; for we boast of a Jericho, a Damascus, an Aleppo, a Jerusalem, and a river Jordan. At Port Lincoln, in South Australia, are Boston Bay, Boston Point, Cape Donnington, Stamford Hill, Spalding Cove, Grantham Island, Sleaford Mere, and Sibsey Island; this place was discovered by a man called "Long Tom," from our part of the country. The coaches have each four horses, and travel at an alarming rate; you would wonder how the horses did the work; they are fed on barley, cut green; and this, with a little corn, keeps them in extraordinary mettle; the barley is made into hay and stacked as the English grass; the climate is peculiarly adapted to the horses' constitution; never all anything—everlasting goers; veterinaries all bankrupt—dead horse as rare as a dead donkey. The prices of a few necessary articles are—horses 10*l.* and upwards, a great many sent to India; very few draught horses used in the interior—bullocks principally; beasts 30*s.* and upwards; sheep, 5*s.* and upwards. I have seen (no exaggeration), upwards of 150 carcasses at a time in the butcher's shops; how it all gets consumed is surprising. A great many fat sheep are sent from Port Phillip, and sell at about 12*s.* each; beef from 2½*d.* to 4½*d.* per pound; mutton 2½*d.* to 3½*d.*; lamb 2*s.* per quarter. At Sydney, by the carcass, beef ½*d.* and mutton ¼*d.* per pound; potatoes (the best in the world), 25*s.* per ton; soap (Colonial), 4*d.* per pound; candles, all moulds, 4½*d.*; bread 1*d.*; sugar 3*d.*; loaf ditto 5*d.*; tea 2*s.*; and potted butter, from Port Adelaide and the Cape, at 1*s.* and 1*s.* 2*d.* and fresh ditto, 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound. The amusements are races, in April, three days' fine sport;—regatta, in December, when there is as smart a display as possible of Colonial beauty and Colonial aristocracy (beauty for ever before aristocracy); and the brass band, at the barracks, every evening. You never meet with a Johnny Raw here; if they were Johnny Raws when they left home, the particular good education they receive in coming out makes 'em reg'lar wide awake coves—down to every move. The boys here are a deal sharper than old men at home.

We shall be glad to receive some more of Mr. MILLHOUSE's graphic letters, and if he would address them to THE CRITIC, they would be a welcome addition to the *Tourist*.

HISTORY.

Mr. Mackinnon's History of Civilization.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE promised, when opportunity offered, to return to this valuable work. The enlargement of THE CRITIC has enabled us to accomplish our purpose.

In the former review the general plan of Mr. MACKINNON's History was described, and its outline traced. The present notice will be limited to the miscellaneous chapters which treat of some of the most striking episodes in the progress of civilization.

Witchcraft was one of these episodes—a melancholy, and, to human pride, most humiliating retrospection. Still more sad is it to reflect that the first impulse was given to this species of fanaticism by the Church; it was sanctioned by the prostituted name of religion, and its cruelties were inflicted in the confidence that they were acceptable to the God of mercy. To Pope Innocent VIII. belongs the bad eminence of having issued the first bull, exhorting the inquisitors of Almain to discover, and empowering them to destroy, "all such as were guilty of witchcraft."

There is a sort of pleasurable excitement in hunting down human beings, similar to that felt in the chase of animals. The historian adds:—

The inquisitors took advantage of this authority: they hunted out and dragged to the torture all suspected persons within their reach, and found, to their infinite delight, that no sooner was one reputed witch destroyed, but, like the heads of the hydra, ten were found in place of one condemned.

Mr. MACKINNON is of opinion that the charge of

witchcraft was the pretence for punishing dissent. There can be no doubt about it. All dominant factions who seek to extirpate their opponents, proceed not by open avowal that they ought to be exterminated *because* they are opponents, but endeavour to impose upon themselves and the world by the assertion that they are but the ministers of justice, and inflict a necessary vengeance for crimes noxious to society. It is the old trick of persecution, and not yet quite out of fashion.

These accusations of witchcraft seem to have originated in the desire of repressing heresy, or, more properly speaking, dissent from the Church of Rome; next, in the means that it afforded to the existing powers to confiscate and appropriate to their own use the property of those unfortunate persons whose wealth was an object of cupidity, or whose principles and opinions did not agree with those of the ruling government. Besides these motives, the desire that existed in those times of retaining the lower orders in ignorance and bigotry, which usually go hand in hand, ought not to be overlooked. Perhaps nothing more clearly exemplifies the absence of civilization than the cruel and abominable proceedings taken against the unfortunate persons accused of this crime. The power wielded by the commissioners to try witchcraft, and the terror inspired by the decrees of inquisitors, must have been great in all the nations of Europe. What an improvement has taken place in society since that day! Any intelligent peasant would now laugh at the doctrine propounded on sorcery by a king of England (James I.), or by a learned judge in his reign, both of whom not only encouraged, but actually occasioned, the burning alive of their fellow-creatures.

True, there has been a change for the better in this respect. Witchcraft is exploded. But do we not hear in Parliament, and see in newspapers, defences of persecuting laws equally absurd in principle with the defence of witchcraft?

Mr. MACKINNON describes some of the most remarkable details of this mania. Occasionally, the ignorant populace are seen venting their honest terrors upon the wretched victims of their ignorance and superstition. But more frequently do we find them made the tools of the designing, who sought through them to gratify personal malice or cupidity. Sometimes the very charge produced, in excited imaginations, a monomania that led them really to think and proclaim themselves witches. The multitudes destroyed during this phrenzy were enormous. In Geneva alone, five hundred persons were burned in two years, their chief crime being *heresy*, their witchcrafts merely an aggravation. The inquisitor, REMIGIUS, boasted that he had burned nine hundred in fifteen years. In France they were so numerous that it was impossible to keep a record of them.

It having been reported to the King of Sweden that the town of Mohra, in the province of Dalecarlia, was much infested with sorcerers and witches, a commission was appointed to ascertain the fact, with full powers to punish the guilty. On the 12th of August, 1669, the judges arrived at the place, to the great joy of the inhabitants, many of whom fancied themselves bewitched. After an investigation, seventy persons, including fifteen children, were taken up on suspicion of sorcery; others also were arrested in the district of Elfdale. These being put to the torture, all confessed their guilt, which was, that at night they were carried up into the air by their incantations. Without repeating all the absurdities extorted by torture, the result was, that the entire seventy were condemned for these offences. Twenty-three of them were burned in one fire, in the town of Mohra, to the great satisfaction of the multitude assembled! Next day the fifteen children suffered a like fate! The remaining thirty-two were destroyed in a similar manner, at the neighbouring town of Fahlerna. Such was the state of civilization in Sweden within two centuries!

From this sickening state of human ignorance, when made the instrument of priestcraft, and employed to gratify the worst passions of the powerful, let us turn to a more pleasing theme, admirably treated by Mr. MAC-

KINNON. "The Influence of Civilization on the Female Sex." Here it has been more marked even than upon our own sex.

The condition of woman in the earliest stages of civilization is that of slavery in its worst form, because inflicted upon those who could not operate upon the fears of the tyrant. Even amid the more polished people of Greece and Rome, the Roman matrons were not allowed to dine with their husbands. At the present time the position of woman in all save the countries peopled by the Saxon race is that of an inferior to man. The savage himself, raised but one degree above the brute, delights to play the tyrant over the only being he can rule. Lady MORGAN's picture is so graphic that we must extract it entire.

The savage of the South Seas in his person was all deformity and disproportion: in his intellectual frame, he was all density and insensibility. His head was immense and mis-shapen, his eyes dim and sunk, his brows bushy, and his mouth (frightful as that of a crocodile) opened extravagantly wide, to show enormous teeth above a lower jaw. His nose was flat, his nostrils wide, his colour swarthy, his hair long and straight, his limbs dwindled, his trunk swollen, and his whole aspect horrible and disgusting. Thus framed by nature, his appearance was still further degraded by the symbols of brutal taste and of fierce cruelty with which he adorned his unsightly person. The teeth of men or of kangaroos were fastened in his gum-clotted hair; the bones of fish were stuck through his nostrils, and incisions made in his arms and breasts, marked his callous insensibility to pain. Naked and unaccommodated, these savages were indifferent to the inclemencies of clime and season, and inapprehensive of decency. As huntsman he still makes the hollow of the tree his den, as fisherman a hole in the rock his dwelling. He slept like the wild beast of the forest the deep sleep of fatigue and surfeit, and he awakened without forethought or fear of the coming day, to destroy or be destroyed with equal indifference. Human nature could go no lower; yet this defective and ill-conditioned creature, this unideal and unawakened animal, had one strong moral conviction, that of his own superiority over the female of his own species. He believed that woman was of another nature from himself, and that he was born her master, she his servant, by right of the strongest. He marked her at the hour of her birth as his slave by breaking the joints of her fore-fingers; he renewed the covenant of his supremacy in her first youth by knocking out her front teeth; and when he selected this bond slave as the object of his passions, he intimated his preference by spitting in her face and forcing her to his den. Thus affianced through contempt and suffering, the slave submitted, and the master assumed uncontrolled power of life and death over her. He loaded her shoulders (wounded by his stripes) with weights which his own indolence refused to bear, and speared her to the earth if she resisted the imposition. Wallowing in indolence when not wallowing in blood, he leaves to the woman, his servant, all the labour, forethought, and ingenuity necessary for the wants of his savage interior, and he lies basking before his standard, or shaded by his broad buffalo shield, while his woman performs the drudgery of a beast of burden, in the consciousness of her inability to resist the violence and tyranny of her master.

The seventeenth century produced a marked change in the condition of woman: it gradually improved in all nations where civilization was making any progress. Most truly is it observed by MEINERS, that "the female sex will never desire the return of the good old times, as they have been denominated, nor wish to exchange the present age and their present condition for any age or any condition that formerly existed."

In England, the reign of ELIZABETH marked an era in the history of woman.

In the latter half of the same century, the number of learned females increased in the same proportion as ancient literature became more generally diffused. Politian praises, in particular, a Cassandra, and some others, on account of the beautiful Greek and Latin poems, by which they excited the

envy or admiration of the contemporary poets and lovers of poesy. Catherine, consort of Henry VIII. of England, and the two regents of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria and Mary of Hungary, attained such proficiency in Latin, that they could not only read, without interpreters, the works dedicated to them in that language by the most celebrated writers, and the Latin letters which were sent to them, but the latter could even return answers in the same language.

Mr. MACKINNON notices an error very generally entertained as to the position of woman in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

When we see the talent displayed by Madame de Sevigné in her letters, and by other ladies of that age, the natural exclamation would be, that the females in France, during the time of Louis XIV. were in the height of their intellect and of their influence, and that their situation was in every respect such as they deserved. No doubt the condition of a few favoured persons about the court was improved, their manners refined, and their talents and information extensive; but were these advantages partaken by the mass of females in a respectable situation then in France? We must be cautious not to form an impression of the manner in which the sex was treated from Madame de Sevigné, or other ladies who, from their talents or other causes, were held in high estimation by the court: on looking below the surface, we find the mass of women in those days, particularly in the lower class, treated with great brutality.

The happy change visible in our own happier times of a more advanced civilization is thus elegantly described by Mr. MACKINNON:—

A vast improvement in the situation of the female sex since the advance of civilization is apparent. In our days, the education of woman, makes her the companion of man, not his slave; she participates in his domestic comforts, instead of being his menial drudge. As partner of his life, she shares in his joys and sorrows, affords him advice in trouble, solace in adversity, and adds to his pride and pleasure in the halcyon days of his fortune. Whilst man is occupied in his pursuits, either physical or mental, his wife overlooks his domestic affairs, and educates her children. Whether as maid, wife, or widow, in whatever circle she may move, she has influence in that proportion: as civilization extends, so does woman increase her power, and secure the dignity and high bearing of her nature. "Throughout the entire fragmental history of the earliest peopled regions of the earth, this one great dogma is mystically attested, and made darkly visible,—that at some periods of the obscure and doubtful past, the spiritual nature of woman struggled against the physical power of man,—an unequal contest—most unequal where brute force was most powerful, and ignorance and barbarism most prevalent. Since civilization has been known, the rights of woman have been ascertained and allowed: she now claims her privileges, and is acknowledged to be in every respect the equal of man, and the participator of those benefits which in the obscure days of barbarism were arrogated by him alone.

With this justly-deserved tribute to woman we commend the *History of Civilization* to the study of all who are wont to talk of the world as if it was growing worn with age. They will find traces of sure and steady progress measured age by age, century by century, giving just hopes of indefinite improvement in store for the future. They will learn that the good old times are but a poet's dream, which the sober investigations of the historian disperse, to the destruction of much eloquent declamation, but greatly to the gain of common sense, sound philosophy, and practical wisdom.

FICTION.

Helen Stanley: a Tale. By MATILDA M. HAYS. London: Churton.

A PRODUCTION rich in promise. Miss HAYS is evidently a young writer; we understand, indeed, that this is her first publication. But with the faults of inex-

perience she mingles unmistakeable evidences of natural capacities far above the herd of novel writers by whom the shelves of the circulating library are burdened. There is a purpose in her pages, and it is pursued with an earnestness that of itself charms the reader, and carries him unweariedly along the stream of the story, until, at the conclusion, he lays down the book, conscious that his heart has been improved by the lessons it has taught, and which, nevertheless, are not thrust forward obtrusively, but rather insinuated than moralized. It is a right wholesome work. Nor is it wanting in many of the minor excellencies of a fiction. Character is vividly portrayed; dialogue dramatically sustained; description very graphic, and, where requisite, conveyed in the spirit of poetry. The errors are those of unpractised youth: a too lavish use of epithets; words sometimes substituted for ideas; vague generalities where there should be precise details. But the errors are all such as time and practice will overcome. We would earnestly advise Miss HAYS to diligent study; to blot without remorse; to burn and re-write, and then burn and re-write again, whatever may not recommend itself to her most critical judgment. Let her be in no haste to print what she writes; let her lay it by for six months, then read it with attention, and correct and expunge unsparingly. So may she become one of the brightest ornaments of our literature. She has the gem: it needs only polishing to command admiration. The plot of this tale we will not anticipate, but as a specimen of her composition, and of the vein of wholesome sentiment that pervades it, we take some eloquent and truthful reflections on

MARRIAGE.

Till women teach their daughters to respect themselves, the living temples of the Deity, to work for their daily bread, rather than prostitute their persons and hearts, in that which, after all, is no marriage before God; till men shrink, with manly shame, from the surrender of the person when the heart is far away; till they turn with abhorrence from daily communion with the form of wife, where the spirit is not: these loveless homes will stand the curse of all who dwell within them, the curse of future ages, in generation after generation which springs from their unhallowed walls! Oh, be honest men and women—be true. Love, the true marriage, has been laughed at, scorned, till it scarcely finds a resting-place upon earth; but go where it still dwells! go, if it be to the labourer's hearth, to the one room, both parlour and chamber, so that its holy light be but there, and say if there be such joy,—such heavenly peace and happiness in the proudest palace of earth, where love is not! Love is laughed at, scorned, but that it lives to bless and hallow, there is not one of us who cannot bear witness from amidst the circle of his private acquaintance. That it lives at all when society has done its best for years to crush it, when modern female education shuts it out in its calculation, or, when forced to notice it, ranks it as a necessary evil, a juvenile complaint like measles or small-pox; when we find it living through all this, we affirm that it is an instinct of the heart, as deep and true as a mother's love, and can no more be uprooted and denounced than that sacred feeling. Behoves it then each man and woman to know that it is a passion of God's ordaining; in its pure state the richest blessing life can give. Behoves it, then, each man and woman, to preserve the heart's truth, to remember that he who searches the heart alone, joins those, who come before him in mutual truth and love. Man, in the sensuality of his self-debased nature, may sneer at love, for such a man there is no love; in common with the beasts of the field, he possesses passions which like them he may indulge, but, unlike them, to the perdition of his own soul; but woe betide such an one, if he seek to unite with his grovelling life, to drag downwards an immortal soul fitted for a high and upward flight. Not only in this world there lies to his charge a miserable and self-loathing existence, but there stands for eternity a lost and polluted soul—lost for the filthy lucre of the world, with which such a man gilds his temptation! Distrust the lesson which teaches that love is unnecessary in marriage as you would distrust the man who told you that the Creator of this beautiful world was a fiend. God

gives no instinct, no power which does not bear within it the germ of perfection. As well might we look for improvement in our outward man by the rejection of a limb, a leg, or an arm, as hope for the perfecting of our inner, by the rejection of parts, when God himself has planted within us a whole necessary for our well-being! * * * There are those who will look on these pages, whose hearts will bear witness to their truth; women unhappy in their homes, blighted in their lives, enduring but not enjoying existence; some known as unhappy wives, some silent mourners in the earnest discharge of duties made hateful from the absence of love; some, alas! who have found too late that love is not a fable. To all and each, by every hour of repentance and grief, by every bitter thought and wasted hope, we solemnly adjure you, not only to feel this truth, but with heart and soul, to impress it on every young mind which comes beneath your influence. The reward will be rich, if but one young creature be saved, by your means, from the gulf of despair where your own best life is swallowed up.

The Spanish Conscript and his Family; a Tale of Napoleon's Campaign in Russia. By Miss JANE STRICKLAND. London, 1846. Clarke and Co.

THE incidents of this story were suggested by a romantic anecdote related in Mr. JAMES'S "Travels in Russia." The authoress has elaborated it into a charming tale, which it is impossible to read without being deeply interested, and the moral is very good, so that we have not for a long time met with a volume so well adapted for the young, although children of larger growth will read it with pleasure and advantage.

Valentine McClutchy, the Irish Agent. By WILLIAM CARLETON. Parts I. to III. Dublin: Duffy.

WE noticed this novel when it appeared in its completed form, in three volumes. Nothing, therefore, now remains to be said of it, save that it is being reprinted in the shape of monthly numbers, with very clever illustrations, after the fashion of the works of DICKENS, LEVER, and others.

POETRY.

Poems, by CAMILLA TOULMIN. London, 1846. Orr and Co.

POETRY, that looks for a longer life than the periodical in which it appears, must be imbued with the spirit of the present time as well as with the spirit that is of all times and of all countries. It must be both universal and particular; universal in its appeal to the sympathies of our common nature; particular in its application of those sympathies to the character and circumstances of the age in which it is produced.

Every era in the world's history has its own special poetry, in addition to that which exists for the poet everywhere and at all times, in the inexhaustible store-house of Nature. Hence it is that there is not really, as we are wont hastily to assert, a poetical age and a prosaic age; there is no era of itself more fitted to produce great poets than any other era. The age makes not the poet; the poet moulds the age to himself. He seizes its characteristics, and whatever they have in them of the beautiful he enshrines in visible form, for the adoration of all after time. He penetrates the emotions that are stirring in the hearts of his generation, but which they want the capacity to express in articulate words, and, shaping them into eloquent language, he becomes, as it were, the common voice; men hear from him the very thoughts that were moving within themselves, but shaped as they had in vain sought to shape them, and they acknowledge him their oracle; they reverence him as their high priest. This is the vocation of the poet, and there is nothing in which the true poet will not find materials for its exercise.

We, too, have a poetry of our time; springing from

passing events; speaking the silent thoughts of millions; a poetry that could have been produced at no other period. That poetry is the utterance of the spirit of the age, and as indicating the current of popular feeling it may be studied with advantage by the statesman and philosopher. HOOD gave voice to it in "The Song of the Shirt;" EBENEZER ELLIOTT has been a powerful expositor of it; more feebly does it manifest itself in the anonymous verses that occupy the poet's corner in the magazine and newspaper. In the columns of THE CRITIC are to be found proofs of coming coadjutors who will as worthily expound in song the time now dawning upon the world as ever their predecessors have done. More especially do we refer to the remarkable productions which have often appeared here, though less frequently than we or our readers would desire, with the signature of E. H. BURRINGTON. There can be no mistaking the evidences of genius, of genuine and great genius, traceable in his poems. The touch of a master's hand is audible in those strains. Not there can the critical eye trace aught of imitation; his excellencies and his faults are his own; he dares to think, and to feel, and to utter his thoughts and feelings, careless of conventionalisms, and confident that, however their strangeness may startle at the first, their truth will recommend them in the end.

And Miss TOULMIN, whose little volume of poems, collected from the various periodicals to which she had contributed them, now lies before us, is a poetess of the time. She has learned the secret of writing to the age by writing about the age; her subjects are chiefly suggested by passing events—by the developments of mind in the particular forms it has assumed in our own time. And when she does so, she never fails to interest; she is only dull when she attempts the commonplaces of poetry. The reason of this is, that she wants the elaborate polish of composition requisite to make the latter attractive amid the crowd of verses on like topics that have been handed down from the earliest times. Her excellence lies much more in the conception of her poems than in the execution; it is for their thoughts we value them far more than for the form in which they are uttered. She wants much of the mechanical skill necessary for her art. A striking instance, both of her excellencies and defects, is this very vigorous but very unpolished poem entitled

THE HAND.

What is it fashioned wondrously, that, twin born with the Brain,
Marks Man from every meaner thing that bounds across the plain,

Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air,
What is the help meet for the Mind, no lesser life may share?
It is the Hand, the Human Hand, interpreter of Will;
Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is rife,
It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto Life!
How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it has done!
And ask from poor Idolators why it no worship won?
How could the lordly forest trees first bow their heads to Man,
When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins of metal ran?

Ho! ho! 'tis found, and his to know the secrets of the forge;
And henceforth Earth, at his behest, her riches must disgorge.
And now the Hand has servants fit, it guides as it is schooled,
To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world is ruled,
For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough mould,
The heritage of cunning craft was to the Right Hand sold;
And it hath been a careful lord, improving every right,
Until the Mind is overawed by thinking of its might.
How slender, and how fair a thing, is woman's soft white hand!
Yet Saragoza's Maid could seize the cannon's ready brand;
And martyr'd Joan—(but not of War or carnage would I tell,
Unless the time were ripe and mine the deep-toned honoured shell

With chords to be the requiem of the gory monarch dead,
Whose laurels still, though steeped in tears, conceal his leprous head!)

The harp is roused by fingers fair, where clinging jewels glow
With light upon the awakening hand like sunbeams upon snow;

Entranced Music's soul returns once more to earth again—
A vassal to the Hand that wills a gay or pensive strain.
Yet think—that Hand which never yet knew weariness or soil,
Whose fairness neither summer's sun nor winter's cold must spoil;

Which doth not know a harsher rule than leisure's chosen toll,
Is after all but fashioned like the trembling, clammy thing
With which the faded sempstress pale, in youth's yet early spring,

Digs her own grave, with needle small, through Nature's drowsy night.

Oh! when will Fortune, Justice, too, unbind their eyes to light!

How is it Fashion's proud array, thus wove on Death's own loom,

Ne'er changes by a demon spell to trappings of the tomb?

The Painter bodies forth ideas, which on the canvas live—

The Sculptor bids the shapeless stone a form of beauty give—

Wise Egypt's giant pyramids by human hand were piled,
To wrestle still with conquering Time, though centuries have smiled,

With gentle touch to think how they sweep Man from where he stands,

Yet linger o'er the records of his wonder-working hands!

It is a thought to lift the soul beyond its prison-home,
To ponder o'er such things as these beneath the fretted dome
Of Gothic fane, where erst have swept the serge-clad Monkish train,

Who sought to win their paradise by self-inflicted pain;

Who never knew the worship true, that life's pure joys impart.

Yet what a world and history is every human heart!

Alas! material monuments too oft, like Babel's tower,

But tell of human littleness, and not of human power!

More subtle, less self-evident, than marvels such as these,

Those spirit deeds that leave behind but dream-like legacies,

Nothing that sense can see or touch, but much that Thought can keep.

As when the stately ship is taught its pathway o'er the deep
By one right hand that guides the helm, beneath the watchful crowd

Of ever silent stars, that pierce through Nature's nightly shroud.

But Thought is lost in mazy dreams of all the wondrous band
Of Things and Deeds that owe their birth unto the Human Hand.

Here, again, is a short but truth-whispering

SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

London's empty! Only in it
Something near two million souls;
Some in cellars, some in garrets,
Some the workhouse law controls!
Crime, barefaced, in prisons wasting
(Also hid on beds of down,
After days of pleasure tasting,
Either in or out of town).

London's empty! Only in it
Merchants' fructifying store;
And misers' dull "enchanted" treasure,
Which the spider watches o'er.
Hark! the wail of sorrow sighing,
Tears are shedding every minute;
Every day a hundred dying,
Though the town has "nothing" in it!

Joy and grief—all human passions—
Love and anger, peace and strife:
On what inner worlds of feeling
Turn the outer wheels of Life,
Though its mighty heart is beating
With a dull lethargic flow,
After Senators' grave meeting,
After Fashion's fever glow!

Miss TOULMIN shares the conviction we have expressed above as to the fitness of this, and indeed of every, age for poetry: she anticipates the advent of a poet who shall vindicate the universality of poetry.

Unto my humble thought, it seems as sure
The Bard will come, as that the nicely-poised
And whirling earth careering round the sun,
Will give us summer fruit and winter snow;
But each in season. These are ponderous Times,
In which things, thoughts, and feelings, swell beyond
The accustomed olden channel of trite words,
And so o'erflowing sink again within

The mind from whence they rose; but—to enrich
It, more, and feed the parent springs, which shall,
In their allotted time, burst forth, and delve
A pathway for themselves! Doth not our tongue
Grow richer with the wealth of mind? Men coin
The words they want; and when they have a thing
They find expression for it. So the Bard
Will come. We have the wealth of "feelings" high;
Is not their "utterance" near?

Of a similar class are the poems on "Bread," on "The Death of the Pauper Peasant," "A Defence of London," "The Railway Whistle," "The Cry of the Felon," and so forth. It is such subjects that Miss TOULMIN is peculiarly qualified to handle; and we would take this opportunity of advising her more carefully to study the graces of composition—to be more deliberate in the choice of words, and more particular as to the harmony of her rhymes. These are secondary considerations, it is true; but in an art that seeks to please as well as to instruct, no ornament should be neglected.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The monthly pile of periodicals for May will not long detain us, for it is not so lofty an one as usual.

The first that comes to hand is the *New Quarterly Review*, and *Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal*, No. 14, which contains some attractive papers. The article of the number is an elaborate review of "the Present Aspect of Eastern Europe," evidently proceeding from the pen of one profoundly versed in the history, manners, men, and politics of the people whose recent insurrection has excited consternation at St. Petersburg and at Vienna. This masterly commentary should be read with attention by those desirous of acquainting themselves with the true state and prospects of the region that has been the scene of a rebellion so strange in its features, and so ominous in its warnings. Another very able essay, but on a less exciting theme, is that entitled "the Responsibilities of Art and Society." To a large class of readers, perhaps the most acceptable review will be that of "Mr. Newman's Theory of Development," which is analyzed with much skill and answered triumphantly. The political article of the number is of course upon "the Free-Trade Question;" and of purely literary essays there are two,—namely, Leigh Hunt's "Stories from the Italian Poets," and "Lord Brougham's Men of Letters." "America," "Mr. Mackinnon's History of Civilization," and some strictures on "Our Envoys in the East," are subjects sensibly handled, and properly falling within the scope of such a quarterly review as this.

Love's Edinburgh Magazine for May proceeds as it began,—pleasing and readable, without assuming airs of learning or any great profundity. The subjects selected are in good taste, and consult the amusement of the reader. The best papers are the article on Herrick, and an essay on scepticism.

The Home Magazine for May seeks a circulation by cheapness and the care with which its contents are weeded of whatever is unfitted for family reading.

Knight's Political Dictionary, Part XII. ranges from the word "Press" to "Republic." The value of this unique work can only be judged by inspection. It will be indispensable to the library.

The People's Journal is a new enterprise, in imitation of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, only that it adds engravings of really superior merit. Among the contributors are many of our most popular writers, such as WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT, W. J. FOX, Dr. SMILES, Miss C. TOULMIN, and last, not least, Miss BREMER, the famous Swedish novelist, who has forwarded an article written expressly for this journal.

The Topic is another new periodical, on the original plan of furnishing weekly one ablywritten article on some

subject of present interest. So far as it has proceeded, it has proved entirely successful.

The Local Historian's Table-Book, Part LXIV. continues the local history of Northumberland and Durham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketches of English Character. By Mrs. GORE. In 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1846.

WHAT could have induced Mrs. GORE to "use up" in this form the materials for half-a-dozen novels? Has she, like BULWER, abjured fiction? Or does she desire to exhibit the inexhaustible fertility of the invention that could permit of the dismissal of a score or so of characters in the shape of brief and rapid, but graphic, sketches?

Or is there in this a deeper design? Is it that she or her publisher has ascertained that there exists a numerous reading public to whom novels are prohibited by preacher, teacher, mamma, or papa—who dares not indulge in their perusal save by stealth, at early mornings before the family is stirring, or with shaded candle in the bed-chamber when others are sleeping? Is it calculated that the substance of a novel without the name might be acceptable to this great class, and that *Sketches of English Life* might be placed upon tables from which an avowed fiction would be indignantly banished? Such might be a legitimate speculation; with such views the publication before us may be a prudent matter of business. But for the general reader—for the attraction of the authoress's usual patrons, it will prove, we suspect, a failure. The truth is, it is a good novel spoiled. All these sketches would have worked up admirably into a fiction; they would have amused mightily if introduced as portraits of persons in whose fortunes we were interested, who lived, and moved, and spoke, and were in the mind's eye as realities, and not mere colours upon canvass. But assembled thus, each in a separate frame, a collection of mere forms and hues, they have very much the stiff, uninteresting aspect of a gallery of portraits, and we pass from one to the other, not caring to recognize the relationship, or to dwell upon the peculiarities of the features or the merits of the artist.

Yet is Mrs. GORE as lively a sketcher as could be looked for. Her's are by no means heavy, dull, and dingy drawings; they are literally, as she terms them, *sketches*, taken from the life with a rapid but faithful pencil, the results of actual observation, with only so much of the decoration of her own fancy as is permissible to the artist, who is always allowed to put his subject in any attitude he deems most effective, provided he preserve the likeness. The spirit in which she has set about her task will be gathered from the preface, a part of which we extract:—

Our ancestors ran to look at an aloe in bloom, believing that it flowered but once in a hundred years. We know better; but the aloe has lost its charm. Our ancestors revered the oaks that extended their gigantic arms beside their dwelling, certifying its antiquity far better than the genealogical tree in their hall. We bring ancient trees in Pickford's vans to our lawns, and make them overshadow our upstart villas; but the oak has lost its charm. Our ancestors thought a shilling well spent for admittance to see the skeleton of a camelopard. We have giraffes giraffing unnoticed in the Regent's-park, and keep a serpentry for improving the domestic breed of rattlesnakes and boa-constrictors. But if Mungo Park or Waterton were to write their Travels now, they would have lost their charm. The sting is taken out of everything—the flavour everywhere extracted. Even the most High Court of Parliament mumbles where it used to bite. Its thunderbolts have fizzed into squibs; its storms are rattled with a sheet of iron and a quart of pens. People care no more about appearing at the bar of the Reformed House than at the bar of the Eagle Tavern. The terrors of the place have vanished. The Sultan, so terrible as the "turbaned

Turk," is scarcely worth mentioning in a Fez! Many persons still extant must remember the villanous old coinage of George III.—the tin-like sixpences which added a word to the slang dictionary, and the button-like shillings of which the image and superscription might have been Caesar's or the Elector of Hanover's, for anything that the most scrutinizing turnpikeman could decide to the contrary! Just such flat and featureless dumps are we becoming. Nothing short of ringing on the counter can determine whether we be of the right metal.

Indeed, the whole of her introduction is lively and amusing, and the most brilliant essay in the work. Here are some of its best and most readable passages:—

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

To pretend to characterise the classes or professions of a nation so late in the day as the middle of the nineteenth century, is a somewhat arduous task. In England, as elsewhere, every die is worn down, every angle rounded, every feature effaced, every salient point smoothed, pumiced, and polished into the most level monotony of surface; a surface from which neither dramatist nor novelist can extract either plot or character, without violating in the grossest manner the probabilities of civilised life. Singing is now far from the only feat that is accomplished "by the million." People eat, drink, sleep, talk, move, think in millions. No one dares to be himself. From Dan to Beersheba, not an original left! All the books published seem to have been copied from the same type, with one of Wedgewood's manifold-writers. All the speeches made might be stereotyped in January by an able reporter, to last out till June. In society, men are packed one within the other, like forks or spoons in a plate-chest, each of the same exact pattern and amount of pennyweights. Doctor, divine, or devil's dragoman (*Ang. lawyer*), all dressed alike—all affecting the same tastes, pursuits, and habits of life. Would Shakspeare have invented Falstaff, or Parolles, in such an order of society? Would Scott have hit upon the Baron of Bradwardine, or Lawyer Pleydell? Would even Fielding or Smollett have extracted the ripe humour of their inventions out of such a sea of batter? The few authors of fiction who pretend to individualise are obliged to have recourse to the most unsophisticated class for elements of character; society of a higher grade being so used down into tameness, as to form one long, long Baker-street, or Guildford-street, of mean, graceless, and tedious uniformity—from number one to number one hundred, a hundred times ditto repeated. It is not so in other capitals. Elsewhere every profession has its stamp, and every grade its distinctions. In Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, you can no more surmise when you dine out what will be placed on the table, or what conversation will take place around it, than you can pre-assure the morrow's weather. In London, whether the dinner occur at the house of a man of eight hundred a year, or of eight thousand, you are cognisant, to a dish and a topic, what will be supplied for the delectation of your ears and palate. You eat the turbot and saddle of mutton by anticipation, as you go along; and may chew the cud of the great letters of the ministerial and opposition papers, which anon you will have to swallow, diluted with milk and water by the dull, or vivified by a few drops of alcohol by the brilliant. In the evening entertainments, as at the dinners, "*toujours perdrix!*"—Julien, Gunter, and Lord Flipflap,—Lord Flipflap, Gunter, and Julien!—You see the same people waltzing, fiddling, and serving the refreshments, and hear the same phrases exchanged among them, at every *fête* given at the west end of the town between May and August. May and August?—Rather say from A.D. 1835 to A.D. 1850! This tedious uniformity of conventional life, which has converted society into a paper of pins with people stuck in rows, instead of minikins, is, we are told, the result of a high state of civilisation. The moment the English left off clipping their yew-trees and laying down their gravel-walks at right angles, they transferred the system to society. "Ye fallen avenues!" (so pathetically sung by Cowper) you have now your parallels at every dinner party; and not a coterie in Grosvenor-square but presents the stiff unmeaning rectangularity of Hampton Court Gardens. This eternal sameness of manners and opinions is, in fact, so notorious among ourselves, that no one ventures to say, "It is a fine day," till he have ascertained whether such

be the opinion of Lord Rigmarole or Mr. Tompkins—who-so-ever may be the pope, or fogleman, or model man of his set.

But foreigners have a very different notion of us. They think us the oddest, the most original, the most peculiar, the most whimsical nation in the world. They fancy that in England every person sets up for himself, and that fashion, as a ruling power, is unknown. But well may the error be excused if this be, as Mrs. Gore declares, the character of

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

Not a city on the continent but has witnessed some marvellous trait of English originality, some feat performed as for a wager;—for the moment an Englishman feels the pragmatism of his native land too much for his spirits, off he goes to relieve himself abroad; and, like a high pressure boiler, of which the safety-valve has been obstructed 'the explosion is terrible. A man of peculiar habits, who has vainly tried to drill his whims and oddities to the regimental discipline of London life, and fire his opinions in platoons with the common-place people of his parish, the moment he finds himself out of bounds of conventional tyranny is sure to run into extremes. The English, consequently, pass for cracked on the continent of Europe, just as the Russians pass for *millionnaires*; merely because the wealthy of Russia and eccentric of Great Britain are forced to travel in search of enjoyment. Were they to stay at home, an *inquest de lunatico inquirendo* would soon settle the matter! The moment a presumptuous individual acts or thinks an inch out of the plumb-line of perpendicularity exacted by the formalities of society, his next of kin steps in to prove that he ate, drank, or slept at the hours that suited him, not at those which suited the rest of the world; perhaps that he had an attachment to a particular coat, and wore it though thread-bare, having new ones in his wardrobe; or perhaps that he chose to have too many new ones in his wardrobe, though he had a good one to his back. Any twelve respectable steady going jurymen, accustomed, like footmen, to their two suits a-year, and to eat, drink, and sleep by clockwork, will not hesitate to return him *non compos*; till the unhappy wretch is eventually driven into idiocy by the imputed loss of reason. An instance occurred a short time since of an individual, deprived of liberty and the control of his property by the decree of such a jury, and the evidence of the usual number of old women, who, being rational enough to give the slip to his incarcerators, figured with distinction at a foreign court, and obtained the verdict of the highest members of the French faculty that he not only possessed the use of his senses, but that his senses were of a highly intelligent order. Had he lived in King Charles's days, or even in the days of the royal nieces of Charles, he would have been laughed at as an odd fellow, and perhaps hitched into a lampoon; or, fifty years later, mimicked in one of the farces of Foote. For, after all, what was he but one of the marked features of a varied surface of society? And when the cases of half the unfortunate persons we dismiss, as incompetent of mind, to a residence at Chiswick, Hanwell, or Hoxton, come to be investigated, it usually turns out that they are no odder than people who were called humourists in the days of Goldsmith, and characters in those of Fielding. The great origin of this peremptory uniformity is the influence of our habits of business. To facilitate despatch, everything the least out of the common way must be avoided, and all obstacles in the railroad of life removed. People have no time to lose in wonder. They like to find in the man with whom they have to deal a fac-simile of themselves; so that they can meet him, point to point, without demur or examination. As society is at present constituted, they know to an item with what and whom they have to deal in a stockbroker, banker, physician, or barrister. They could draw his portrait, or make a model of him, without ever having set eyes upon his face. Such people are made to pattern; and the type of each is as familiar to every mother's son of us as though specifically sold at a turner's, like a bat and ball.

Our authoress laments that the English at home are so fast losing their individuality; that they suffer themselves to be reduced to a dull uniformity of dress, manner, thought, and language. "The first man," she says, "who dares to think and speak for himself, and think

and speak strongly, will become as Gulliver in Lilliput. The prodigious flock of sheep into which it has pleased our nation to subside, will follow at his piping." Not yet, Mrs. GORE. The time is not come for this. We have not yet reached the lowest point of self-abasement. In the meanwhile the preservation of likenesses of the few classes into which society at the present day is divided, will be amusing to ourselves and valuable to posterity. We can take only two or three specimens of the gallery. And first for that usually most disagreeable personage,

THE POPULAR AUTHOR.

Sporus enjoys a less gratuitous species of popularity;—Sporus is a popular author. His works flash upon one like lucifer-matches, and go off like detonating guns. No sooner in print than out of print. The reviews revere him—the daily papers delight in him—the magazines make much of him. Nothing like Sporus—such style, such delicacy, such freedom from affectation! The *petite maitresse* buys him and binds him up in morocco; the schoolmistress buys him and binds him up in calf; the bookseller buys him and binds him up in a penalty to complete a new book at a month's warning. Great guns are discharged from the battery of the press on the production of every new work, as on the birth of the sons of the Sultan. He is written up, till one fears that the sky must be raised a story to make way for his renown. The most crabbed of critics grows mild in treating of him; and the reading world, like Monsieur Laffarge, is poisoned in doses of sugar and water. And who or what is this successor of Scott and Byron? this Hallam, this Rogers, this Moore?—Alas, Sporus is but a shadow of his namesake of the days of Pope—

"A mere white-curd of ass's milk."

or rather, the mere mouldy sponge of a leaden inkstand! But Sporus excites no jealousies—Sporus eclipses no humiliated rival. Sporus is one of whom literary men say with a smile among themselves, "Poor Sporus! he is a painstaking writer, and really an excellent fellow; let us do him a good turn." Puffed, therefore, and praised on all sides, his writings first attract notice, and finally command attention. The public is convinced that all the weekly, monthly, and three monthly critics cannot be in the wrong. The public asks for his picture—the public demands his bust. The public will one day ask a pension for him from government; and eventually, perhaps, from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, a corner in Westminster Abbey. Is not this placing poor harmless Sporus in the catalogue of popular people? Concerning the popularity of the numskulls who give feasts that wise men may eat them, no one need to express surprise. The popularity of proprietors of hospitable country-houses is equally comprehensible; so is the popularity of East-India directors.

"Long live all those who've any thing to give."

is the cry of many besides the luckless poet in whose mouth it was wickedly placed by James and Horace Smith.

Now for another class, that are only prevented from being great bores by the necessity for finding a listener; and as everybody has seen the same things, nobody has an ear for anybody.

MODERN TRAVELLERS.

For many centuries past the travelled man has been accounted one of the nuisances of social life. Dr. Donne has more than one fling at him in his Satires. Old Burton, in his *Anatomic*, is equally unsparing; and Shakspeare, who would never have been called Old Shakspeare had he lived to the age of Methuselah, so bright with the vivid impulses of youth are all the creations of his brain, has poured forth his spleen in many a racy passage against those English courtiers who think themselves the wiser for "having seen the Louvre," and puppies who become arch-puppies from having "swum in a gondola." But what would these old English worthies have said to the race of modern pretenders, to whom the Nile is a wash-pot, and who over Edom have cast their shoe? Where is the lordling, now-a-days, who contents himself with the jog-trot grand tour that perfected the gentility of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield;—or what country baronet is satisfied to rival the

Italian adventures of Sir Charles Grandison? The land of Egypt is the universal mark! The fear of the bow-string being no longer before their eyes, the travelled men of the day affect to regard the young Sultan as a sort of "Swell Abdul Medjid," and betake themselves in their yachts to the Dardanelles, as formerly to the Solent; while every classic-bitten young gentleman of fortune who has sapped his way to an honour at Cambridge, thinks himself called upon, not only to go Byronizing to Thermopylae, but to have a finger in the pie of Athenian politics. As if modern Greece could not furnish schemers and *intrigants* of its own, without aid from the prating and scribbling of Young England and its offshoots. With such objects in view, in addition to the charming scenery of the "circling Cyclades" and soul-thrilling chance of being murdered by the Kelphtes of the Levant, "the little military hot-house," once famed for the coolness of its nights as well as for the sultriness of its days, witnesses every autumn the disembarkation of hundreds of fashionable travellers on their way to the East; who stop at Malta, as they would at Grange's, to eat an orange by the way. But why are these travellers for their own pleasure to convert it into pain and grief for society? Who cares a fig for their exploits at Smyrna? Who wants to know the colour of the Sultana's bathing-dresses at Buyukdere? And why cannot they content themselves with the Nile, *et præterea nihil*, without cramming us with crocodiles for the remainder of their days! It is much to the credit of Noah that the account of his voyage was condensed into a couple of verses; and if the fashionable tourists who monster their nothings to our dismay at the London dinner-tables, or who delight the critics of the Quarterly by "little lady-like books of travels," were equally considerate with the cruising patriarch, the world would have cause to be thankful. * * Scarcely a city clerk of the present day but has gone through the two last cantos of "Childe Harold," line by line and mile by mile, plucking lilies on the Drachenfels, and listening by moonlight to the owls in Caesar's palace or the Coliseum; and not a coterie at Pentonville, but endures, over its green-tea and muffins, the same tortures which are inflicted in Arlington-street by Sir Henry or Lord Francis over his venison and hock. * * But surely those who are thus enabled to come like shadows, and so depart, and *vice versa*, ought to assimilate their memories with their movements. So long as it required half a life to reach the Red Sea, a man might be pardoned for spending the other half in remembering and making others remember the journey. But the Red Sea is now as familiar as Chelsea Reach; and the impostor who presumes to set up as a Conversation Man on the strength of it, deserves to be laid in it for his pains. The most travelled of travelled men should make it his business to acquire the admirable *sang froid* of Lady Sale, with her "Earthquakes as usual;" or the *nonchalance* of a fashionable sportsman of our acquaintance, who, being careful in the keeping of his game-book, has an entry relating to the sporting seasons of his Oriental tour of 1838:—

Killed	12 brace of elephants,
"	12 couple of rhinoceroses,
"	32 ditto buffaloes,
"	3 camels,
"	7 brace of ostriches,
"	1 crocodile,
"	137 brace of humming-birds,
"	3 boa-constrictors, and
"	2 pair of rattlesnakes.

In the early part of the present century, when the ponderous quartos of Dr. Clark and Sir John Carr came forth annually, to be hanged like mill-stones round the necks of the rising generation, the restraints of war-time rendered the Travelled Man less insupportable, whether in print or as a running accompaniment to a good dinner. Everybody had not then learned by the evidence of his own eyes that the Black Sea is blue, and the White Sea green. But, in the interim, parties have gone walrus-shooting to the North Pole, as coolly as they used to go and shoot wild ducks on Whittlesea Mere; and unhappy martyrs to the cause of discovery now grill themselves on the sands of Timbuctoo, as once on those of Brighton. An enterprising captain has galloped across the Pampas on an ostrich; and as to the overland journey from India, it has become of such daily occurrence, that it might be a good spec. for some modern Fozard to set up a riding-school, with a good

stable-full of camels, to qualify adventurous ladies and gentlemen for the exploit.

(To be continued.)

Literary and Historical Essays. By THOMAS DAVIS
Dublin: Duffy.

THOMAS DAVIS was one of the most promising members of the party known as Young Ireland. He was a man of undoubted genius, and had he lived to taste the sobered, but not less elevated, feelings which age and experience never fail to introduce into those fine minds whom the impetuosity of youth hurries into extravagances, he would have become one of the most remarkable of Ireland's writers. Unfortunately for her literature and his own fame, he was summoned from the world before his mind had attained to her maturity and had acquired the wisdom necessary to enable her to throw off the faults with which the youth of genius is always encumbered; but not before he had given indications of the power that was in him, justifying the most hopeful anticipations of his friends. He has left behind him fragments and fugitive pieces that make us lament the more his early loss. These have been collected and edited with care, and form one of the volumes of "Duffy's Library for Ireland," and which will doubtless prove the most popular of that series which has yet appeared.

The preface announces that it is the intention of his friends to give his entire works in succession to the public. These consist of Poetry, Politics, and Correspondence. The volume before us is composed of papers contributed to the *Nation* newspaper; his pamphlets and contributions to the *Irish Monthly Magazine* are to form a companion volume to this. The subjects are various: historical and moral essays, criticisms, sketches of scenery and persons, political articles and ballad poetry, shew the versatility of his genius, and the originality of their treatment proves that his genius was a true one. His style, indeed, bears the manifest impress of youth. The "Ercles vein" is visible continually; epithets are too much indulged; and the poetical is often substituted for the sensible. The cause of Irish nationality, to which his soul was dedicated, colours all his views and narrows his naturally large intellect. But there are every where traces of original thought, flashes of true eloquence, bursts of genuine poetry, right-hearted sentiment, and sound wisdom, which attest the presence of intellect of the loftiest kind, and delight us by what they promise more than by what they perform.

The political purposes of the writer so pervade every paper, however seemingly foreign to them, that it is difficult to find one which will interest the English reader by its excellence in one part without offending him by its extravagance in another. We prefer, therefore, to take portions of essays. And we open with these eloquent remarks on

NATIONAL ART.

No one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The dullest man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Caesar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary. Were painting, then, but a coloured chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and the forms of men who led and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labours. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners, to other times, and show the dweller in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his cotemporaries. As a register of facts—as a pourtrayer of men, singly or assembled—and as a depicter of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography,

taught through the eye. So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing; and nothing but the scarcity of faithful artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and places. There are some classes of scenes—as where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator. But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of Painting and Sculpture, is far indeed from being their highest end. Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbe Barthelmy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape Composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer. The Painter, who is a master of composition, makes his pencil cotemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Romulus sits for him and Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mohammed exhort, and Ephesus blaze when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design, he attempts to realize the vision on his canvass. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and colouring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover over him. But Art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator. Great as Herodotus and Thierry are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual; it is infinite, and art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules mightier than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived; and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is, that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation—it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature—they are beings created by the poet's minds, and true to their laws of being. There is no commoner blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of poet or painter. To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or make great codes or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

This is as true as it is beautifully expressed. One other admirable paper, and we close this volume. It is on

STUDY.

Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Afghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in that last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil. Throughout the country at this moment, thousands are consulting how to obtain

and use books. We feel painfully anxious that this noble purpose should be well-directed. It is possible that these sanguine young men, who are wildly pressing for knowledge, may grow weary, or be misled, to their own and Ireland's injury. We intend, therefore, to put down a few hints and warnings for them. Unless they themselves ponder and discuss these hints and warnings they will be useless, nay, worse than useless. On the selection and purchase of books it is hard to say what is useful without going into detail. Carlyle says that a library is the true university of our days, where every sort of knowledge is brought together to be studied; but the student needs guides in the library as much as in the university. He does not need rules nor rulers, but light and classification. Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbours, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting strength, and purchase cold recollections of other men's thoughts by the sacrifice of nature. Just as men are bewildered and lost from want of guides in a large library, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of a small one. We know, from bitter experience, how much money it costs a young man to get a sufficient library. Still more hard we should think it for a club of young men to do so. But worse than the loss of money, are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books. The remedy is not by saying "this book you shall read, and this other you shall not read under penalty," but by inducing students to regard their self-education solemnly, by giving them information on the classification of books, and by setting them to judge authors vigorously and for themselves. Booksellers, especially in small towns, exercise no small influence in the choice of books—yet they are generally unfit to do so. They are like agents for the sale of patent medicines—knowing the prices but not the ingredients, nor the comparative worth of their goods, yet puffing them for the commission sake. If some competent person would write a book on books, he would do the world a great favour; but he had need be a man of caution, above political bias or personal motive, and indifferent to the outcries of party. "Todd's Student's Manual," Vericour's "Modern French Literature," and the like, are rather childish affairs, though better than nothing. M'Cullagh's "Rise and Study of History" is, on its peculiar subject, a book of much value. Men will differ in judging the style; but it honestly, learnedly, and in a suggestive, candid way examines the great histories from Herodotus down. We wish to see it more generally in the people's hands. Occasionally one meets in a review a comprehensive and just estimate of the authorities on some subject; but most of these periodicals are written for some party or interested purpose, and are not trustworthy. Hallam's "Literature of Europe," Sismondi and Schlegel are guides of the highest value in the formation of a large library, but we fear their use in Ireland is remote. One of the first mistakes a young, ardent student falls into is, that he can master all knowledge. The desire for universal attainment is natural and glorious; but he, who feels it, is in danger of hurrying over a multitude of books, and confusing himself into the belief that he is about to know every thing because he has skimmed many things. Another evil is apt to grow from this. A young man who gets a name for a great variety of knowledge often is ashamed to appear ignorant of what he does not know. He is appealed to as an authority, and, instead of manfully and wisely avowing his ignorance, he harangues from the title-page, or skillfully parades the opinions of other men as if they were his own observations. Looking through books in order to talk of them is one of the worst and commonest vices. It is an acted lie, a device to conceal laziness and ignorance, or to compensate for want of wit; a stupid device, too, for it is soon found out, the employer of it gets the character of being a literary cheat, he is thought a pretender, even when well informed, and a plagiarist when most original. Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far

better employed in digging or playing shuttlecock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed, the highest reading of all (what we may name epic reading) is of this class. When we are youngest and heartiest we read thus. The fate and passions of men are all in all to us; for we are then true lovers, candidates for laurel crowns, assured liberators and conquerors of the earth, rivals of archangels, perchance in our dreams. We never pause then upon the artificial excellence of a book—we never try to look at and realize the scenery or sounds described (if the author make them clear, well and good—if not, no matter)—we hurry on to the end of the shipwreck, or the battle, the courtship, or the journey—palpitating for our hero's fate. This, we repeat, is the highest kind of reading. This sort of reading is most common in human narrative. Earnest readers of science read their books at first as ordinary people do their histories—for the plot. Some of us can recollect the zealous rush through a fresh book on mathematics or chymistry to know the subtle scheme of reasoning, or understand the just unveiled secrets of nature, as we read "Sinbad the Sailor," or "Mungo Park's Travels." But most readers of science read in order to use it. They try to acquire command over each part for convenience sake, and not from curiosity or love. All men who persevere in science do this latter mainly; but all of them retain or acquire the epic spirit in reading, and we have seen a dry lawyer swallow a stiff treatise, not thinking of its use in his arguments, but its intrinsic beauty of system and accuracy of logic. He who seeks to make much use, too, of narrative literature (be it novel, poem, drama, history, or travel), must learn scientific as well as epic reading. He need not formally criticise and review every book, still less need he pause on every sentence and word till the full meaning of it stands before him. But he must often do this. He must analyse as well as enjoy. He must consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as, long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow, and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook. Doing this deliberately is an evil to the mind whether the subject be nature or books. The evil is not because the act is one of analysis, though that has been said. It is proof of higher power to combine new ideas out of what is before you, or to notice combinations not at first obvious, than to distinguish and separate. The latter tends to logic, which is our humblest exercise of mind; the former to creation, which is our highest. Yet analysis is not an unhealthy act of mind, nor is the process we have described always analytical. The evil of deliberate criticism is, that it generates scepticism. Of course we do not mean religious, but general scepticism. The process goes on till one sees only stratification in the slope, gases in the stream, cunning tissues in the face, associations in the mind, and an astronomical machine in the sky. A more miserable state of soul no mortal ever suffered than this. But an earnest man living and loving vigorously is in little danger of this condition, nor does it last long with any man of strong character. Another evil, confined chiefly to men who write or talk for effect, is that they become spies (as Emerson calls them) on nature. They do not wonder at love, or hate what they see. All books and men are arsenals to be used, or, more properly, stores to be plundered by them. But their punishment is sharp. They love insight into the godlier qualities, they love the sight of sympathy, and become conscious actors of a poor farce. Happiest is he who judges and knows books and nature, and men (himself included), spontaneously or from early training—whose feelings are assessors with his intellects, and who is thoroughly in earnest. An actor or a spy is weak as well as wretched; yet it may be needful for him who was blinded by the low principles, the tasteless rules, and the stupid habits of his family and teachers, to face this danger, deliberately to analyze his own and others' nature, deliberately to study how faculties are acquired and results produced, and thus to cure himself of blindness, and deafness, and dumbness, and become a man, observant and skilful. He will suffer much, and run great danger, but if he

go through this faithfully, and then fling himself into action and undertake responsibility, he shall be great and happy.

Recollections of a French Marchioness.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

WE resume our notice of this work with some anecdotes of

FONTENELLE.

Fontenelle was benevolence and charity itself; he gave away about a quarter of his income every year to the poor of the parish, and I cannot understand how he could ever have been accused of egotism and want of feeling. I have heard him speak of that ridiculous story of the asparagus dressed in oil, but as having happened to some doctor of the Sorbonne, whilst Voltaire, forty or fifty years afterwards, was spiteful enough to republish it, making Fontenelle the hero. "How can they accuse you of want of feeling, my dear and good Fontenelle?" said my aunt one day. "Because," he replied with a smile, "I am not yet dead!" He held strawberries in high estimation, and had great reliance on their sanatory qualities. He was attacked regularly every year of his life with a fever, "but," he would exclaim, "if I can only last till the strawberries come in!" This he was fortunate enough to do ninety-nine times, and he attributed his longevity entirely to the use of strawberries! I could tell you a thousand amusing stories of Fontenelle, but they have been already related, and I shall always endeavour to write only of what you could not read elsewhere. I will merely relate to you one more anecdote, often repeated by Voltaire, and also told by Fontenelle (an authority which has a different kind of weight with me to Voltaire's); La Fontaine was very ill, and had just received the last sacraments; he asked his old friend, Madame Cornuel (of whom Madame de Sevigné speaks), if it would not be quite proper for him to be carried on a truck, in his shirt and barefooted, with a rope round his neck, to the gate of Notre-Dame, where he would be supposed to be making an "*amende honorable*" for all he had written and said! "Only," he continued, "you must find some one to hold up my taper, for I should never have strength to carry it, and I should much like to employ one of those smart lacqueys of our neighbour, the *Président de Nicolay*." "Hold your tongue and die quietly, my good man," was all the answer he got from old Cornuel; "you have always been a great goose." "That is very true," replied La Fontaine, "and it is very lucky for me, as I hope that God will take pity on me on that account; mind you tell every one that I sinned from folly and not wickedness—that would sound much better; would it not?" "I wish you would let me alone, and die in peace!" exclaimed the other. The Chevalier de la Sablière told Fontenelle, that La Fontaine's confessor and all who were present ended by laughing outright, and the last words of the good man were these: "Je vois bien que je suis devenu plus bête que le bon Dieu n'est saint, et c'est beaucoup dire en vérité!"

The Marchioness repeats, with alterations, a strange, but we believe refuted, story of

HANDEL'S THEFT.

Scarcely had we entered the pew which was called the bishop's, when we saw the king appear in the royal pew, which is opposite the altar. He came in with his head covered; he wore a little three-cornered hat, richly laced, which he took off, first to bow to the altar, then to a gilt grating, behind which was Madame de Maintenon, and lastly to the Duchesse de Maine and the rest of us—for our pew happened to be in a line with that of his majesty—without regard to our difference in rank. The whole of the king's suite, as well as the ladies and gentlemen with the princess, his daughter-in-law, did not come into the chapel of St. Cyr; at all events, if they were there, we did not see them. That which made the most lasting impression upon me was, the sound of the beautiful voices of the young girls, who, unexpectedly to me, burst forth in unison and chanted an anthem, or rather a national and religious hymn—the words by Madame de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully. The words, which I obtained a long time afterwards, were as follows;—

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi;
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi;
Vive le roi!
Que, toujours glorieux,
Louis, victorieux
Voie ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi;
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi;
Vive le roi!

Even should you have sufficient curiosity, you need give yourself but little trouble as to procuring the music, since a German, of the name of Handel, carried it away with him to Paris; and there, with an eye to his own interest, presented it as a homage to King George of Hanover. Messieurs les Anglais ended by adopting it as their own, and producing it as one of their national airs!

This is a graphic sketch of

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

Of Madame de Pompadour I have nothing particular to say, except that I never could understand how any one could think her handsome or pretty; her admirers said that her heartlessness and vivacity were charming; but that was probably at the period of her early youth, when the favours that were lavished upon her were unknown, and for this reason I am unable to bear witness to them. My only chance of meeting her was at the theatres, where I never went, and in churches, where I fancy she seldom made her appearance; in fact, the first time I ever saw her was in the gallery of Versailles on the day of her presentation. She was a mean little person, with eyes verging on blue, but of the dulldest expression; her hair was yellow, about the same colour as her skin, so that deep mourning without powder or rouge was fatal to her appearance; her eyelashes were short, uneven, and scanty—there were two red marks where eyebrows ought to have been, and her teeth were such as any one might procure (provided he had courage enough) for about fifty louis the set. Her hands also were common and dumpy; her feet badly put on, and stunted rather than small,—absurdly turned out too, like those of an opera dancer! In fact, this adored one of the greatest king and handsomest prince in the world always looked miserable; her face wore an expression of pain, and her words were languid and dispirited. It is rather remarkable that Madame de Pompadour appeared least at ease when in company with women of character, and this may be said of her from Queen Marie of Poland, down to her tire-woman, Mademoiselle Sublet, who never quitted the chapel of Versailles except to take her meals, or to go and sleep in the queen's dressing-room at half-past seven in the evening. Fortunately for her, the queen never made an evening toilet. Sometimes we made parties of pleasure to go and surprise her in her nocturnal abode, where her couch was shaded by dried-up box-trees as though in a grove, and under a bower of branches which had been blessed; she was certainly the most free-and-easy and the strongest person that ever had the charge of fixing pom-poms on a crowned head! Louis XV., who was always ready for any joke, said to us one fine evening: "Let us go and contemplate Mademoiselle Sublet!" "You will find her," said the queen, "with a bust of your Majesty, which she had modelled in barley-sugar." "That is excellent—we will go and eat it," replied he. The queen pushed me into the room, and I called aloud: "Sublet! the king sends me to ask if you have not been struck by a *coup-de-soleil* whilst you were undressing for bed." "Why, what o'clock is it? Does the king pass the night with the queen?" said the worthy creature, starting up in bed with a bound of joy. The king, who was behind me, had hold of me by the cuff (*à l'engageante*), and I answered Madlle. Sublet, with no slight embarrassment, that it was past nine, but beyond that I had not a word to say. "Would you believe," she continued, making the sign of the cross, "would you believe it is near six weeks since the king slept here?" "But Sublet," I inquired, anxious to interrupt her, "what little chapel is that at your bedside?" "It is a likeness of the king, our master, with all sorts of nicknacks, between two candlesticks with rose-coloured wax lights in them, as you perceive, and draped *à la sultane* with perfumed silk. I used formerly to place superb bouquets there, but in truth I am too angry with

him now! you see that there is not a single little flower in those two medicine-phials!" "It is quite true," I replied. "Last autumn I put there two *pommes d'api*, one on each side of his little bust, but I took them away and made the little Marchais eat them, on account of that blue ribbon of the Marquis de Marigny." I was on thorns, as may easily be supposed. "You see that fine orange, do you not? I took it from the grand sideboard on purpose to place it before him! Very well!" she continued, with an expression of great rage, "I shall finish by eating it if he goes on in this manner! I shall eat it before his very eyes and nose! I will eat your orange," she pursued, apostrophising her barley-sugar king, and she set her teeth and gesticulated with her fists. She was in such a transport of exasperation, that I fully expected her to mention a certain person's name, and I turned hastily away in the direction of their majesties, who had already preceded me to the drawing-room. I there found the poor queen, her eyes red with weeping, and her heart full; the king seemed to us in unusually low spirits, but without any appearance of anger. "I must beg you to allow me to retire to my oratory," said the queen in accents of ineffable sweetness, "as I wish to attend the communion to-morrow morning." The king kissed her hand and pressed it to his bosom; the expression of his eye softened as he looked upon her, and taking especial care to inform her that he should sup with her the following evening without fail, he then betook himself to Madame de Pompadour, who for the last two or three months had lived in the palace.

She was educated in a convent. Her picture of her schoolfellows is very graphic:—

Besides these young ladies, there was a brood of Demoiselles d'Houdetot at the Abbey, who were always dressed in serge of the same kind and colour, and walked in a row, according to their height and age, like the pipes of an organ; but as they were proud creatures, although educated there on charity, and, above all, as they were stupid to a degree, they were rarely admitted into the little court of Madame, consequently I knew little of them. Mademoiselle de Chatellerault used to call them "the works of La Mère Gigogne, in seven volumes!" and the Abbess heard that they regularly spent three hours every day in counting each other's freckles!

How full of character is this portrait of

MY AUNT!

The elder of my aunts, Marie Thérèse de Froulay, was an arrogant old dowager, proud, exacting, and self-sufficient, to a degree. Although she affected sovereign contempt for the pomp which surrounded us at the Hotel de Breteuil, it did not prevent her from never stirring except in a coach and six, with a yeoman-pricker and four lacqueys in state liveries. The baron used to say, that the equipage of his sister-in-law was like a pageant on a fête-day; nevertheless, to the 36,000 francs which he had to pay for her dowry and jointure, he regularly added 24,000 as a present from himself. She had seven lady's maids, of whom one or two sat up with her all night, to protect her from ghosts and apparitions: of all the cowards I ever knew, she was certainly the greatest. Nothing would induce her to remain alone in her sister's dressing-room, because there was a tiger's skin on the floor, of which she stood in mortal terror. All the said Countess de Breteuil ate for breakfast and dinner was a *panade d'orgeat*, and she never supped at home, consequently she had more money than she knew what to do with; but this was no consolation to her whilst she could not pay her court at Versailles, and so, in the forty-third year of her age, she ended by marrying the old Marquis de la Vieuville, thereby gaining the *entrée*, as he had once been gentleman of the chamber to the late Queen Marie Thérèse. This, she told me, decided her at once; but I fancy the 100,000 *écus* a year of the old marquis had also their weight in the scale. She was, without exception, the coldest hearted and the vainest woman I ever encountered, without a single idea in her whole head.

Here is another noted personage—

MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Guess whom we saw arrive to pay her devotions? Madame du Deffand, who never believed in any thing! and the Che-

valier de Pont-de-Vesle, assisted by several lacqueys, opened a passage for her. She was nearly blind, and her cavalier did not see a bit better than herself, so this grand drinking was not for them, as it was for us, a mere precautionary measure. We had the satisfaction of seeing them each swallow exactly and scrupulously a full mug of this blessed water! We felt pretty certain that they would not go and boast of the act in their philosophical circles, and we determined that we ourselves would not mention it, that we might not afford any subject for joking on a devotional exercise, and especially to avoid any remarks being made upon these two strange pilgrims, for whom the charitable feelings of Madame de Marsan were alarmed beyond measure. It was in vain that I told her that this Madame du Deffand had not much to lose in point of public estimation or personal consideration, adding that the intimacy which existed between her and Pont-de-Vesle had been for a long time food for scandal. "It would be the means of preventing their pilgrimages for the future, and of their ever putting their feet in a church again," was her reply; and certain it is, we kept it a profound secret, except from the Duke of Penthièvre, to whom we told every thing, and who was secrecy itself. He was very much amused at the pilgrimage of these two philosophical encyclopædistic lovers to preserve the fine eyes of Madame du Deffand by the suffrages and through the mediation of the blessed Génévieve of Nanterre! If their friends Alembert and Holbach had ever heard of it, what a choke-pear it would have been for them!

In conclusion, we throw in the following scraps:—

BURIAL OF A SUICIDE.

According to the sentence pronounced in the Abbatial Court, the body was placed on a sort of hurdle, composed of leafless branches, side by side with that of a dead dog. It was then dragged by an ass (the feet of the man being tied to the tail of the animal) to the gibbet belonging to the Abbey, under which the executioner's people buried it with that of the dog.

HOW TO KEEP PEARLS.

I never saw Madame D'Egmont more brilliant or more beautifully dressed. She had on a black dress, quietly but handsomely trimmed with a rich and elegant embroidery of nasturtiums, the colour and size of nature, with their leaves of gold; she wore all the hereditary pearls of the house of Egmont, which were worth at least four hundred thousand crowns, and which we as strictly entailed in the family as a *majorat* of Castile, or a principality of the empire. These were the very pearls on which the republic of Venice had lent so much money to the Comte Lamoral d'Egmont, to carry on the war of the Low-Countries against King Philip and the Duke d'Albe, his stadtholder. It is remarkable that of all these pearls there were only two which were spoilt since the sixteenth century. Monsieur d'Egmont used to say, that to prevent pearls from spoiling, or ever becoming discoloured, it was sufficient to keep them shut up with a piece of the root of the ash. Monsieur de Buffon would not believe this; but the test of it, handed down from generation to generation in an old family, is more to be valued, in my opinion, than all the arguments of an academician.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF DRESS.

In former times the requirements of fashion were not a whit less expensive than certain obligations of rank and ceremony. I have heard M^{de} de Coulanges say that in Burgundy she had expended more than eight thousand francs in one year alone, to furnish light hair for the Duc de Berry; and every one knew that the regent used to pay one hundred and fifty louis for each of his wigs.

Antiquarian and Topographical Sketches of Hampshire.

By HENRY MOODY. Winchester: Jacob and Johnson. London: Simpkin and Co. 1846.

THE sketches of which this volume is chiefly composed originally appeared in one of the Hampshire newspapers, and so interested the inhabitants of the county that the author was invited to present them in the more accessible form of a book, with additions and corrections. It contains a very full, but not too minute nor too learned, account of the principal places in Hampshire,

and it is therefore adapted alike for reading and for reference. To all connected with the locality of which it treats, it will be a most acceptable present, and we doubt not it will find the patronage it deserves, and the author be remunerated for the great labour he must have bestowed upon its preparation.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Great City; or a New Picture of Paris—Comic, Critical, and Philosophical. By PAUL DE KOCK. In 3 vols.

THIS work is not precisely what it professes to be; for near the conclusion of the second volume, the reader discovers that the remaining portion is filled up by different hands, which, although they have treated the particular subjects intrusted to them with considerable ability, and at much greater length than M. DE KOCK, have contrived to render them much more heavy, without bringing either more learning or more observation into play than himself. The arrangement was, altogether, injudicious, inasmuch as Paris (we are not now talking of the court and the *haute société*, for they are similarly constituted in all European capitals, and the trifling peculiarities of each are scarcely worth record), but of Paris in its fullest identity—the paradise of *grisettes*, gourmands, and gamblers—the centre of fashion, frivolity, and faction—the nurse alike of *roués* and revolutions—the city, in short, which is neither in France nor of it, but which boasts of being itself France! This Paris, *par excellence*, is as thoroughly the property of M. DE KOCK himself as pen and ink can make it; it is his study by day, and his dream by night; he can reckon not only the streets and the houses, but even the very stones of which they are composed: he understands their physiognomy—he comprehends their moral; and we know not which to consider as the most wonderful—the genius of the man who, counting his volumes, not by scores but by hundreds, makes Paris the perpetual pivot of his plots—or Paris, which can in itself supply such inexhaustible materials.

Every striking peculiarity of the *Great City* has, in this work, a chapter to itself; and trifling as the titles of some of them appear, M. DE KOCK has only needed to apply his congrue match to them, in order to throw a new light around him. In the chapter on pavements he has succeeded in another way: that is, he has only put before us what we have all experienced a hundred times; and yet how amusing is the effect of the reminiscences which he calls up!

THE FOOT-PAYEMENTS.

The age of pavements has at length arrived, and the streets of Paris will probably finish by possessing them universally. Meanwhile many are already supplied. In the new and wide streets they are large and handsome; in the narrow streets the foot-way is obliged likewise to be so; for, after all, room must be left for two carriages to pass. In some streets the pavement is only laid down here and there; you walk over it for ten steps, and then find yourself on the stones again; then you see a little bit more pavement, and so on, all which creates a hope that this improvement will finally establish itself everywhere. The pavements have been found fault with because they are frequently too narrow, but their apology exists in the street itself; for, as we said before, carriages must have room to pass. The defect with which they may justly be charged is that of not being sufficiently raised above the level of the road, which is so true that more than once we have seen the wheel of a carriage, whose driver has been anxious to pass a comrade, exceed its prescribed boundary, and make several revolutions on the foot-way. On such occasions the unfortunate pedestrians, who consider themselves out of danger, because they are on the pavement, are much more jeopardized than anywhere else, for they walk confidently forward, without troubling themselves about the carriages.

At Paris, the *trottoirs* often create very amusing scenes for the observer who has leisure to profit by them. He who is in a hurry abandons the pavement, and has no time to make remarks. Every one wants to take the wall. When two persons meet, you first detect a moment of hesitation; neither will give way. One or the other must, nevertheless, resign himself to his fate, and yield his favourite side; for if it be not done, there is nothing to prevent their remaining for hours together opposite each other. Sometimes after having held out for a while, both persons decide to give way at the same moment; and you know what follows; the two noses knock together; and in order to escape a contact which brings them up, both their owners hastily turn aside, by which means their noses come together again. Frequently this manoeuvre lasts a considerable time; and it might very easily last longer, if one of the two did not stand still, and say to the other; "Come, pass at once, and put an end to this."

There are people who amuse themselves upon a narrow pavement, by holding a conversation with some one whom they chance to meet, so that you can neither pass to the right nor to the left; but must turn off into the road, at the risk of being splashed or run over by the carriages, because it has pleased those particular individuals to converse upon the foot-way. When you find yourself following persons of this kind, you are perfectly authorized to tread on their heels, and to thrust your elbow into their backs, until they have left you a free passage. You also see men who have the unfortunate habit of carrying their cane or their umbrella under their arms in a vertical position; and if you advance, you accordingly find the end of the cane, or the ferrule of the umbrella prepared to put out your eye, or at least to soil your coat. This annoyance is worse upon the *trottoir* than when the street was open, because you have less room to pass. The best thing that you can do in this case is to strike down the object which threatens you, or rather, throw yourself across it, by which means the other extremity of the stick will strike against the chin of its owner.

When it rains, it is difficult to make your way along the pavements of Paris. A forest of umbrellas meet, and knock, and crush, and hang on to each other; one raises his, and as you depress yours to pass him, you encounter a lady's bonnet. They are the most lucky who have no umbrella, for they wind in and out under cover of those who carry them.

There are, however, certain privileged persons for whom there is always room enough on the pavement; and to whom men and women, the dandy and the fine lady, alike hasten to give the wall. These are the charcoal-venders and the masons.

Who has ever passed a day in Paris, or approached the Seine, without remarking the barges of the washerwomen? Our readers will appreciate the graphic power with which M. DE KOCK has flung them upon his canvass.

A LAUNDRY-BARGE.

It is said that the river flows for every one; it ought especially to flow for these poor women, busy through a whole morning, and sometimes a whole day, washing in the river or the canal. The barge is large, and long, and is only roofed with planks supported by four pieces of wood; thus remaining entirely exposed to the cold, the wind, the rain, and all the vicissitudes of the season. Even if washing were only carried on during the summer, and the great heats!—then the employment would be almost delightful; but people wash at all seasons, and even in the depth of winter, while the water is frozen on its surface, and the ice is broken in front of the barge, in order that the washing may not be interrupted.

The washerwomen nearly all kneel in front of the barge, with their legs in a sort of small wooden box, their bodies bent over the water, and sometimes so much bent that it is difficult to comprehend how they maintain their equilibrium. Accidents, nevertheless, rarely occur. Do not imagine that the women who have adopted this fatiguing trade complain of their fate; quite the contrary; you may hear them almost always laughing and singing. There is nothing more merry than a barge full of washerwomen. In the first place, these ladies talk incessantly; when it is not one, it is another, but generally it is all together. Do you wish to form an idea of it? Listen for a moment.

"There goes one with her dress all over mud." "She's too proud to get into an omnibus, I suppose." "Here's a shirt for a dandy—fine before and coarse behind. There's a take-in for you! Just like themselves; a little of all sorts." "I've got a nice customer here, who has mended the heels of her stockings with the legs, till they look like a pair of slippers—there's economy for you."

Oh, how happy should I be if I was living still
In the cool and joyous forest of my native Romainville.

"Lord, I *should* be happy if I had half-a-dozen such shifts as I have got here to wash." "Nonsense! you'd be frightened of thieves if you had, and would not venture further than your own door-step;

Rogues, rogues,
Are the happiest folks;
There's honour, they say, among thieves.

and a good deal of fisticuffing too, I've a notion." "The owner of these trousers don't treat his knees well, for he tears them all there; he must be always in love." "Mercy on us! do you fancy that he splits them love-making? Not he. Depend upon it he's a great skittle-player, and does it that way." "Here's a petticoat made out of thirty-six pieces. Why, it would do for a patch-work counterpane." "Oh, lord, I'm so cold, I can't feel my hands." "I can feel my inside, I promise you." "What have you got for dinner?" "Nothing at all, between two plates; if you like to dine with me, you're welcome. Don't stand on ceremony." And gossiping in this way, the washerwomen cheat time, forget their poverty, and merrily get through their work. But go into one of these barges, and tell the washerwomen that one of their comrades is sick and without food; and every one of them, little as she has for herself, will yet contrive to assist the invalid who can no longer work.

We must not, however, give our readers a false impression of this picture of the *Great City*, by leaving them to suppose that all its elements are as light as those which we have just selected; there are many darker shades; and, to effect this end, we will abridge an article by which they will be convinced that great and lamentable as is the evil of our London "gin-palaces," our neighbours are no whit behind ourselves in the same species of demoralization.

THE CONSOLATION SHOPS.

At Paris this name is given to the establishments of the vendors of brandy and liquors which are sold by retail over the counter; and who sell even a halfpenny worth of their merchandize to workmen, artisans, poor people, showmen, drunks, and all other individuals who frequently, without the slightest cause for grief, experience the want of consolation. These establishments abound especially in the more populous parts of the city, in the faubourgs, near the market-halls and the barriers. * * * The shop of the retail liquor-merchant is not adorned with frivolous ornaments, but is furnished on all sides, from roof to floor, with tuns, casks, jars, pipes, and bottles, containing liquors of all kinds, and spirits of every degree of strength. A counter, upon which stand tumblers, and small glasses of all sizes, pewter measures, a night-lamp, which burns continually for the convenience of such as smoke, and a few small loaves for those who wish for a crust wherewith to swallow their consolation, is all that they consider necessary in their shops, which are generally as muddy as the street itself, because the customers never wipe their feet, and the entrance is very wide, a calculation probably made for the benefit of such among them as, on leaving the house, might be puzzled to find their way through a narrow door.

If you are fond of studying the people, and do not fear that your ears will be wounded by discourse which is generally rather strongly seasoned, walk in for a moment to the consolation shop. In the morning the workmen and the idle come to begin, to start themselves fair; during the day some arrive to put themselves in heart to continue their work with a little glass of *riquette*, or of *damm-dog*, swallowed neat; and at night, those who have become half-drunk at the public-house, hasten to finish themselves up at the consolation shop, which, by these means, is full all day long. In some of them the public papers are provided, and politics are talked; and it

is occasionally droll enough to hear a scavenger, half-drunk, founding a new government, and a waggoner, dead-drunk, declaring that so long as there are taxes there will be no consumption. The customers are not elegant, neither are they remarkably well-bred, and, when they do not approve of the manner in which they are served, they are not particular as to the terms in which they express their displeasure. Sometimes blows and kicks are exchanged, all given with a vivacity and vigour which the witnesses appear greatly to admire, for, instead of parting the combatants, they allow them to fight comfortably; but the landlord, who fears they may break his bottles, or his jars, runs for the guard to turn them out; and, after a time, a corporal and a few soldiers arrive and separate them, when they remain in the street endeavouring to achieve the demolition of their clothes and of their faces. These little episodes, very frequent in a consolation-shop, are soon forgotten, and soon replaced by others. Now it is a wife who comes in search of her husband who is completely drunk, and whom she reproaches for having only left off wine to addict himself to brandy. Now it is a peasant from the environs, who had lost a bundle of clothes, his purse, and his watch, while admiring the curiosities of the city; and who goes into all the drinking shops to ask if they have heard what has become of his stolen property. Now, it is a friend treating his friend; he pays for the first draught, the second treats in his turn; then he proposes a third; and his offer is returned by a fourth; until at last the reciprocated civility has rendered both the gentlemen unable to stand on their legs, and they are thrust out, because they would lie down in the shop, and inconvenience the general circulation. When night comes, the number of consumers is by no means diminished, but they are of a different description; they are men of a suspicious, disorderly appearance, all the clothes upon their backs not equalling in value the liquor which they demand, but who frequently take the money from their pockets in hands'-fall. These individuals, who probably have reasons of their own for only coming out at night, arrive very late at the consolation-shop: if they come alone, they are soon joined by some of their comrades; they talk slang; examine with a ferocious glance every one who walks in; and universally disappear whenever they perceive the approach of a patrol or a town-serjeant. It is also at night that the scavengers make their appearance; these come to the consolation-shop to rest after the fatigues of the day and to prepare for those of the night. Then collect the drivers of a description of carriage which never works by daylight; very useful people, no doubt, but whom one always dreads to meet, as well as their equipage. The customers of the consolation-shop are, however, less fastidious; for they drink brandy and touch glasses willingly with those gentlemen of inderous calling. * * This den remains open a great part of the night for the convenience of scavengers, waggoners, carriers, market-porters, and a great number of individuals whose calling is at best doubtful. There are also women who frequent it at night; their profession will be readily guessed; but in a city like Paris toleration is often a necessity.

Many of these individuals who consume the night at the consolation-shop finish it in the street, lying down to sleep beside a post; some of them, indeed, have no other lodging. In order to meet the exigencies and the fatigues of his business, the liquor-merchant is generally a married man, for he can only entrust to himself or his wife the retailing of drams. At eight at night the husband goes to bed, and sleeps till one in the morning: then he gets up, and relieves his wife at the counter, who rests while he is watching; a species of arrangement which must effectually prevent their wearying of each other; representing as they do a conjugal sun and moon.

Here is another frightful sketch, for which we trust that London, even vice-clogged as it is, could not have furnished an original.

LODGES AND MOUSE TRAPS.

Thus are denominated at Paris places which are not only filthy and ill-kept, but which are also frequented by people who are outcasts from society; pickpockets, footpads, cheats, thieves, and all the scum of a great city which is constantly in fermentation. A lodge sometimes has the assurance to call

itself a coffee-house, but it has no resemblance with one. Passing in front of a dark and dirty house you perceive an ill-lighted sort of shop; but through the small, smoky, and dusty window, of which the panes are broken and replaced by paper, you cannot detect any species of merchandise, and you ask yourself what they can possibly sell there; but if you linger for a moment you will soon see the customers going and coming. Men wretchedly clad, and sometimes scarcely clad at all, most of them with a pale face, a leaden skin, hollow eyes, and a sinister expression; when they laugh it is not merriment that their features express, it is effrontery, debauch, it is vice, in short, in all its ugliness.

But that which is most melancholy is to see youths, adolescents even among that wretched mass; you will find in a lodge children of fourteen or fifteen years old, who, already seduced by bad example, have abandoned labour, the work-frame, and their paternal home, to give free course to this life of idleness, vice, gaming, and excess, which necessarily conducts them first to theft, and ultimately to the galleys. The interior of these coffee lodges is frightful: gas is unknown there, and as the oil is supplied with a sparing hand, a very doubtful light is shed over the room, which is moreover darkened by a thick smoke, for all the customers of the place have a short clay pipe in their mouths. Amidst this dense, hot, and humid atmosphere, in which are blended the stench of wine, brandy, garlic, onions, and the breath of the company, none of whom are ever subjected to the contact of water save when they chance to fall into the kennel, you nevertheless discover a billiard-table. A crowd of men fill the place; some are seated drinking wine or liquors (coffee is unknown in such coffee-houses as these, or at least regarded as an extra); one, half intoxicated, is singing an obscene song, another lies asleep upon a table, beneath which his neighbour has fallen, and the company at large consider it unnecessary to pick him up; some are playing at cards,—such cards! All these gentlemen cheat, and by doing so among themselves keep themselves in practice for fleecing such pigeons as may fall into their hands.

The throng is, however, thickest round the billiard-table; the players are about to make a pool, but first the betting is opened; the numbers are to be drawn. Then these men put their hands into their pockets, and you are astonished to see the cloth very soon covered with silver coins, and even to discover some pieces of gold among them. Only imagine silver drawn from the pocket of a man in a torn gaberline, whose pantaloons are patched until you cannot distinguish the original material; and gold from that of another whose hollow cheeks and famished face seem to announce misery and want, and whose boots are so dilapidated that his naked feet are visible in several places! What are you to think of such discrepancies as these? Men of this stamp suffice to destroy in your breast all confidence in the externals of poverty and misfortune. In order to understand what is said in a lodge, a knowledge of slang is indispensable, for it is the familiar dialect of the customers.

In the Rue de Bondy, behind the guard-house of the Chateau d'Eau, there is a place known by the name of the "Meeting of the Four Billiard-tables," and where there are, in fact, seven. Seven billiard-tables in constant use day and night! Judge from this fact how it is frequented, and how many of these men there are in Paris whom you would take to be beggars, and who spend their lives in gaming, drinking, and idling, when they are doing nothing worse. Let us follow this youth, who is barely sixteen. He is tall and slight; his face is handsome, and almost honest; and his blue eyes, still mild in their expression, have not yet attained to all the effrontery of vice; exhaustion seems, however, to have abated his vigour and the cheerfulness of his years, and his motions are already heavy and listless. A blue gaberline, tolerably clean, pantaloons of gray cloth, a pair of good shoes, and a cap nearly new, compose his dress. He is about to pass the lodge, and has not quite made up his mind if he shall go in, when two other persons overtake and join him. One is a man of about thirty, short, thickset, dark, and hideously ugly; he wears upon his head a sort of cap, which is perfectly shapeless, but he has preserved an immense tassel, which hangs over his forehead, and wipes away the dust collected there. His body is encased in an old great coat of a yellowish grey, and trousers of canvass, which only reach half-way below his knees. The smile of this man, which reveals two enormous tusks, placed like

those of a wild boar, has in it something at once frightful and devilish. The other individual is tall, thin as a skeleton, and sallow, with the exception of his nose, which is of a purplish-red; he looks stupid and savage; he wears something which must have been a frock-coat, but which, for want of buttons, he has tied on with twine; he has upon his head the crown of an old hat without a brim, and a bit of bed-ticking, twisted like a cord, serves him for a neckcloth. His hands are in his pockets, which appear to be crammed with one thing or another.

"Well, mummy, are you going by that fashion?" asked the shortest of the two men, slapping the youth on the shoulder; "are you going to run after the petticoats, instead of drinking with the old un's?" "Ah! is it you, Coquardet?" answered the lad; "and here's Long Léflanqué, too, I see. I was going to work, though I'm more in the humour for a spree." "Of course you are. Come in and lark with us; here are two bobs and a dump or two. Did any one ever hear of working while he had the tin in his pouch? Come on, Léflanqué, open the door, and let us go in with our *pal*." The tall wretch does as he is desired; the youth makes no further resistance, and he soon finds himself in a crowd of men of the same description as his two friends, who look at him, and then exchange some significant glances. They make him drink, and then they make him game; he takes two crown pieces out of his pocket, and the person called Coquardet exclaims, "Oh, oh! what, you fire ball, do you? Have you a doxy who finds you in metal?" "Anything but that," was the answer; "for yesterday every thing we had in our room was priggish while I was larking, and my mother was taking home her work; they left us nothing but the bare walls; so at last, to buy bread, she made up her mind to sell her wedding-ring, and I have just carried it to a chap, who gave me these two hind-wheels in exchange. My mother is waiting for them to get food, and if I play—and if I lose—" "Bother! we're all afloat, and we'll heave you off again when you're aground." The lad yields; he plays, and loses the money which he was to carry to his mother: then the hideous Coquardet pits his old coat against his decent gaberline; Léflanqué wins his new cap, and gives him, in its stead, his brimless hat; and finally, just as he is about to risk his grey trousers against the canvass conveniences of his other adversary, some new comers enter the den, and approach the gamblers. One of them gives Léflanqué a slap on the back, and exclaims, "Well, the job answered yesterday, didn't it, that you and Coquardet did in the Rue Fontaine-au-Roi? I saw you make off, and you were only just in time; in another minute you'd have been nabbed." The only answer made by the two men is a hoarse laugh, as they pour out some more liquor for the lad; but, although by this time half drunk, he is struck by what he has just heard, turns to the speaker, and asks, "What do you say—the Rue Fontaine-au-Roi—yesterday—why, what did they do there?" "Do! why cleared out a crib." "Whose?" "Whose! why, didn't you know it? your mother's. It was them that rinsed out her saucepan. As I found you drinking with them, I thought you knew it, and had cried snacks."

The young man gasps for breath; a deadly pallor overspreads his face, and he looks wildly at the two gamblers: these answer by a hoarse shout of laughter, and filling the glass of their victim, hold it towards him, saying, "Well, it's true enough, we choused the old woman; there's nothing to row about, so make the best of it, take your share, and stay where you are." The lad remains for a time irresolute; but they surround him, they excite him, they shout, they laugh, they sing, they utter foul jests, and the wretched youth finishes by striking his glass against those of the two miscreants who have robbed his mother. This anecdote will suffice to give an idea of what passes in the lodges of Paris—*ab uno disce omnes*.

There formerly existed in the Great City a locality called the Mousetrap, which was situated near the meat-market. It was the most famous lodge in Paris. The common rendezvous of thieves of both sexes, scoundrels, loose women, escaped convicts, and all the refuse of the capital; and enjoyed so extraordinary a reputation that foreigners, and even the most distinguished individuals of Paris, did not shrink from occasionally visiting this den, in order to contemplate the curiously-hideous scene that it presented.

A gaming-house in the Rue Saint Honoré, near the Regency Coffee-house, known as the English Hotel, was the rival of

the Mousetrap. The English Hotel, however, boasted the aristocracy of vice; it had a roulette-table, a *biribi*, &c. At this latter game, those who had lost all their other money were allowed to play for pence. The English Hotel, as well as the Mousetrap, was open all night, and many people in Paris had no other home. The suppression of the gaming-houses closed the English Hotel, and for some years past the Mousetrap has ceased to exist. Another establishment of the same description has, however, been opened in the neighbourhood. The new Mousetrap stands in the Charnier des Innocents, and follows in the steps of its predecessor. In that hole, open all night, you will find men hideously dirty, and old women drunk; for women are also allowed admission to all these dens. The scavengers have a right to take in their cabriolets (this is the name which they give to the baskets they carry at their backs); and if you lay out a penny, you are privileged to remain all night. Lodges are very common in the city; the streets of La Grande Friperie, Saint Eloy, and Jeanne de l'Epine, are all celebrated for their lodges; there an old wardrobe is converted into a room, and in this room lives a woman. In another Mousetrap, near the barrier of Mont Parnasse, there is, not a parlour, not even a kitchen, but a vault, which the master of the den boasts is sufficiently spacious to enable two hundred scavengers to walk about comfortably with their cabriolets on their backs. What a rout when the company are collected!

But one of the most curious lodges is in the Rue aux Fers. It is a famous consolation-shop, situated at the bottom of a court; it has neither shop nor parlour, but a sort of sewer, in which the customers congregate. There, men pass the night standing against the wall, on which they lean; and fortunate are they who can secure such a berth, as this accommodation is much coveted. There, also, will always be found an eloquent spokesman, who leads the conversation, and who prides himself greatly on amusing his auditory.

Thus, in the middle of a night, which the honest inhabitants of Paris, without doubt, employed in sleeping, in one of these lodges, where the party was very large, an orator had led the conversation to the executioner of the city, and was giving a description of his person, when one of his listeners shouted hoarsely: "Flam! You lie, and talk of things you know nothing about! You say the headsman is short; I tell you he's tall." "He is short." "I say he's tall." "Why, surely, I ought to know, my good fellow," persisted the irate spokesman; "for it was he that branded me!"

Again we say, God grant, if these be not exaggerated pictures, that we may not, now or ever, be able to supply their fellows in the good city of London.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

1. *Report in Favour of the Abolition of the Punishment of Death by Law; made to the Legislature of the State of New York, April 14, 1841.* By JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, Member of the Assembly from the City of New York. Second Edition. 1841. 8vo. pp. 168.
2. *Punishment by Death: its Authority and Expediency.* By REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER. Second Edition, with an Introduction by HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN. New York. 1843. 12mo. pp. 156.
3. *Essays on the Punishment of Death.* By CHARLES SPEAR, author of "Titles of Jesus," "Essays on Imprisonment for Debt," &c. Fourth Edition. Boston and London. 1844. 12mo. pp. 237.*

OF all forms of government, a republic stands most in need of laws, and of power to execute them. If it be not a government of laws, it is no government at all. Where the people are sovereign, and every man a law-maker, there is the greater need that they make and sustain laws which all will acknowledge, a tribunal to which all must submit. Such a tribunal presupposes a system of restraints and penalties. Penal consequences must be

annexed to the violation of law, and some certainty must attend these consequences, or the whole is unmeaning and useless, if not pernicious.

These are axioms. And yet, with these on their lips, a large portion of the people of this republic are talking and acting in direct opposition to them, or entire disregard of their meaning. They are retaining laws in their statute-books which are never enforced; they are withholding that public expression which alone gives strength to law; they are erecting tribunals which the laws neither recognize nor allow; in one quarter they anticipate even the judgment of the law by a violent execution; in another, they overawe both judgment and execution by their antipathies or sympathies; while everywhere, at times, they suffer local interests and excited passions to control, if not to defy, the operation of all laws. This is one view of existing facts. In another direction, there is an increase of the opposite feeling, a jealousy, loyalty, and conservative energy, roused by this very tendency to lawlessness, and as yet holding it in check. Which will prevail ultimately is not our inquiry. Every one must see that nothing will be gained by pushing to extremes in either direction. If one class think to supersede law, and to find something better even than a Christian government, their destruction is sure. If the other class resolve to see no good in any change, ascribing all dissatisfaction and attempted reform to weak understandings or the worst motives, they may hasten that which they fear. And to both extremes there is, as usual, a tendency. Nothing can surpass the soft sentimentality and one-sided condolence which some persons express in reasoning upon crime and the criminal, complaining of the severity of laws, and tracing all offences to physical disease or unavoidable influences. The charge of malevolence or cruelty in our common jurisprudence, the appeal to pity those who suffer, however justly, the attempt to connect all crime with misfortune rather than guilt, and the disposition to screen the murderer under the plea of insanity, are symptoms which might in themselves be overlooked as indicative only of an unsound mind, did they not strike at the highest truths and eternal distinctions.

But this is not the only extreme. There is another, which seems to us as false, if not as dangerous. It is the grave attempt, stimulated evidently by the opposite folly, to defend our penal code by the first ever given to man; to urge the oldest severities, not only as justifications, but commands, for all after ages; to shew, as more than one writer has lately attempted to do, that the divine injunction to take the life of the murderer stands on equal authority with the Decalogue, and that to repeal it would be as wicked and fatal as to disregard those ten commandments; even to argue that Christ's repeal of the Jewish penalties and retaliations was not on account of their injustice, severity, or incongruity with his own religion, but because they had been abused. Indeed, we have seen recently, in the resolutions of some religious body, the broad assertion, that the Mosaic code has never been repealed; though we have not yet seen any attempt to reinstate its thirty capital offences, including witchcraft, adultery, blasphemy, man-stealing, blood-eating, and Sabbath-breaking. We have seen it asserted that Christ himself re-enacted the legal penalty of death for murder, when he said, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is declared that the death-penalty is in accordance with the very mercy of the Christian religion, if not demanded by its great object; inasmuch as a short term of life is more likely to bring the doomed convict to repentance, while protracted life, though in confinement, would lead only to abuse. Yet more, it is declared that the divine enactment of the law of "life for life" prepared the way for, and helped the efficacy of, the death of the Son of

* This notice of a series of works that have issued in America upon Capital Punishment appears in the *North American Quarterly Review*. As the subject is now exciting great attention at home, we transfer it to our columns.

God. Mr. Cheever, in the book whose title we have placed at the head of this article, says, "God would prevent the cheapening of human life, in order that the value of the sacrifice of Christ's life might not be diminished in men's estimation. In very truth, had no law ever been promulgated annexing the penalty of death to the crime of murder, it is not too much to say that the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross would have lost, in men's minds, something of its dignity." And a writer in the Biblical Repository for July, 1843, reasons in defence of the punishment of death from the government of God thus:—"He visits transgression with uncompromising retribution. He did not spare even his own Son."

Here is another extreme. We speak of it in no sectarian spirit, for no sect is answerable or censurable for such opinions. We give it first as a simple fact, and then as one of many reasons for subjecting this matter to a rigid and candid investigation. We had ignorantly supposed, until recently, that the Scriptural defence of capital punishment was almost relinquished. We find it not only retained, but renewed and enlarged. Now, if there be ground for this,—if it be verily an original and eternal command of God, that the murderer be put to death, and its observance be essential to the principle of obedience, the existence of society, and the salvation of souls, then we say, in all soberness, this nation is guilty before God, and hastening to destruction. For not only is the law of God assailed by many who view it differently, but it is constantly set aside by those who retain and declare it. It is not enforced by those who maintain the right, and possess also the power, to enforce it. The murderer is not put to death. He is liable to it, the law requires it, in every State of our union. But in no one of them are half the murderers convicted, or, if convicted, executed. Here, again, is a fact, and it is a very serious fact, independently of its causes. It is worthy the consideration of all, that the highest sanction of our country's criminal law has no uniform or sure validity. It is something, that while other offences besides murder are made capital in nearly every State, their number ranging from two to twenty, it is hardly ever the case that the law is enforced for any crime but murder. This is something, when considered as indicating the progress of opinion in regard to severity, and as tending to weaken the power of law. It becomes momentous in regard to murder, when it is maintained that the death of the murderer is authorized and required by the law of God and the life of society, and yet the murderer is constantly let off, not merely through popular clamour or morbid sympathy, but also through the conscientiousness of jurors, and the laxity of administration, failing to convict, or pardoning or commuting after conviction.

We have here given the material facts, in the present position of the subject. The least that can be said of them, and probably the feeling of all is, that they demand some action. What shall it be? It may be presumptuous in us to say; we attempt it in no spirit of self-complacency, still less of dogmatism or rash innovation. This is not a question of one side, or one argument; nor is it a subject for the imputation of bad motives. It is not to be assumed that the opponents of capital punishment are either wiser or more humane than its advocates. Nor, again, have its advocates any right to charge upon the opponents a want of principle, as to law or religion. It is pitiful to attempt to identify the proposed reform with moral or social ultraism. Were there no higher principles, there are names on the side of the reform which should save it from that suspicion. We are pained to find even the excellent Chancellor of the New York University, Mr. Frelinghuysen, in his Introduction to Mr. Cheever's book, lending his sanction to the unjust allegation, worthy of weaker men, that to

abolish the death-penalty would, in effect, if not in design, proclaim "impunity" to murder. We have more reason to charge impunity upon the present system. Against its friends we bring no charge. Its effect we pronounce worse than neutral; uncertain, unequal, ineffectual, and pernicious. We call for proof of the opposite. Our position is affirmative, not negative; conservative, not destructive. We speak for law; we uphold government. We believe man is selfish enough and corrupt enough to require restraints and penalties. We see a spirit of lawlessness in the land, a tampering with constitutions, and oaths, and liberty, and life, that call loudly for reproof. We maintain the right of society to impose any restraint or punishment essential to its existence. We see not where it is to derive the right to imprison, especially for life, if it have not also the right to take life. But we deny that its right to take life rests upon any positive command of God, or any sure permission. We deny that it finds the least favour in the precepts of Christ, or the spirit of Christianity. We deny that the death-penalty is justified by any experience of its usefulness, or proof of its necessity. And we throw the burden of proof, for each of these points, on the advocates of the present law.

The alleged proof of a divine command or permission lies in a single passage, if we may not say in a single word. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—Gen. ix. 6. *Shall*; on that one word, in that one verse, depends the Scriptural argument. Change the word to *will*, which both the Hebrew and the English language permit, and the passage will express simply the great retributive law of God's providence, that violence begetteth violence; as in the Psalms:—"Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." But leave the passage as it is; the first part of it will bear a different rendering, though the common version seems to us as natural and probable as any. We admit that the Hebrew future often stands for the imperative; but it does not always stand for it; and whether it does here, or has only the force of the future, as in Cain's assertion,—"*Every one that findeth me shall slay me*,"—depends on the context, and on other considerations. Thus the whole argument becomes an inference; and different men—men, too, who do not differ in their general religious views—draw different inferences from the context, and express opposite opinions as to the passage. Professor Stuart, of Andover, thinks the Hebrew for "*shall be shed*" is "the most *passive* form which the language admits." Professor Upham, of Brunswick, says, it has "the indefinite form of the Hebrew future," and finds in it neither command nor permission. Professor Turner, of the Episcopal Seminary, New York, says it may be permissive, but cannot be obligatory. All scholars will allow that the verb is future, and no one can assert more than that it may be imperative, and is so in his opinion. Is this proof? Is it a sufficient foundation for the system that has been reared upon it? But grant it; on whom is it imperative? To whom does it give even permission to take life? Its words are,—"*By man shall his blood be shed*." And the preceding verse says,—"*At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man*." May the murderer be put to death by any man, or by the brother of the murdered man? This is the literal sense, if you adhere to the literal; it is the intimation of the context, if you judge by that. And more, it was the interpretation of the passage in that age, so far as we know of its being used. Singularly enough, it is never afterward referred to in the Bible, though so constantly referred to now. Moses subsequently slew a man, but did not apply the passage or its penalty to his own case. In his code, it is said,—"*The revenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer; when he meeteth him he shall slay him*." There is another clause of the context, which

was made a part of the Jewish ritual, but has never been observed by Christians. It is the injunction to abstain from "flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof." It stands in close connection with the favourite passage. If one be imperative, universal, and perpetual, why not the other?

The proof is not made out; the burden is heavier upon the advocates than they seem aware. They must first shew that the passage has necessarily the imperative force; then, that it is a permanent and universal ordinance, though others near it are not; then, that in itself, or the context, it gives to government, and not to individuals, the right and duty of killing the murderer; then, that it was ever applied by the Deity himself, or by any of his servants and commissioned ministers, except in the Mosaic code; and lastly, that, in principle and spirit, it has not been repealed by him who abrogated its fellows.—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." We have reason to say "its fellows," for, besides the principle, there is a fact here to which we call earnest heed; namely, that the law of retaliation, which Christ did abrogate, comprised originally the very law of life for life. "Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot."—Deut. xix. 21. Another fact deserves notice. If Jehovah designed this as the principle of social order and eternal justice, is it not remarkable, that, when he was the only lawgiver, judge, and punisher, he not only spared the life of the murderer, but forbade any one to slay him, and said nothing even of his deserving death? Mr. Cheever has his own way of accounting for this, and using it. He intimates that this "divine lenity" was a chief cause of the wickedness of men before the Flood, and was revoked by the Deity when he saw the abuse. "God spared Cain, and the consequence was, since no murder could ever be committed under more aggravating circumstances than that of Abel, that every murderer felt secure." Thus the experiment of a milder legislation, as another writer has declared, was first made by the Deity, and failed! We might ask, if the bloodiest code of Moses answered a better purpose? But no irreverence. Admitting the bold intimation, it does not remove the difficulty. There seems to have been the same "divine lenity," after the supposed enactment of life for life. Moses became a murderer; and God spared him also, though the act was revengeful and deliberate. Before this, but after the command, Simeon and Levi, sons of the patriarch Jacob, committed a treacherous and most foul murder on all the males of a city, because one of them had "defiled their sister;" the same offence, avenged more horribly and infamously, yet in the same way, as that of Mercer recently, where the murderous brother was saved by acclamation. Simeon and Levi were not so rescued, but simply let alone. Jacob reproved them, but no application or mention was made of the existing "imperative law." And omitting all inferior cases in the history, David was a murderer, in every just view; adding this great sin to another, which was also capital in his own code. But he also was spared the ordained penalty. Is the fact, then, established by the passage, by the context, or by subsequent events, that the penalty of life for life was imperative, of universal obligation, always observed and enforced by the Deity, never repealed, or even virtually superseded by the Saviour? Is it, can it be, proved?

We have said the proof rests on a single passage. No other passage has ever been quoted for the purpose from the Old Testament, to our knowledge; none so strong, none indeed having the aspect or pretence of a commandment and universal law, can be found in any part of the Scriptures, as all will concede; and should this passage be relinquished, half the advocates of capital punishment would abandon the ground of divine authority. It is, then, a very serious question, whether this one pas-

sage, at the most and the best, is so clear and unquestionable as to be rightly or safely taken as the foundation of a fearful system of criminal law, for all nations, and all ages, world without end.

If we were willing to turn the question from a serious to a curious, and almost ludicrous one, we would go into a particular examination of the passages sometimes adduced from the New Testament. But we can hardly believe that any Christian scholars or reasonable men are in earnest, when they quote, in support of capital punishment, such passages as the declaration of Christ already referred to, and used by most men for the opposite purpose—"All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is yet harder to understand the cast of mind in those who think to vindicate this interpretation and strengthen the argument by quoting a similar but even weaker proof, more and more against themselves, from the Apocalypse:—"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." Paul likewise is drawn into the defence, because, when accused and arraigned, he appealed unto Cæsar, and expressed his willingness to suffer the utmost penalty of the existing laws, if guilty:—"If I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die." And again the same apostle's use of the emblem of office, in describing the power and terror of a ruler, "He beareth not the sword in vain," is brought as additional and conclusive evidence of his opinion and of the authority of the Christian religion in favour of capital punishment. Lest we be suspected of misrepresentation, we refer the reader to the fifty-second page of Mr. Cheever's book, where he says, "There is no other possible view that can be taken of this passage," and then quotes Calvin, as calling it "an illustrious place," to prove, adds Mr. Cheever, "the divine authority of capital punishment."

These are the arguments drawn from the New Testament. It seemed right to shew what they are, and add their weight, or weakness, as others may think, to the law of "blood for blood." To our mind, they prove only the impossibility of bringing the gospel into a league with the gallows. We attempt no answer to them from the gospel itself; if it does not answer them by its whole tone, we despair of doing it by any extracts or reasonings of our own. We have thrown the burden of proof on the other side, and we have a right to leave it there. The power of which we speak is tremendous, and they who assume or exercise it must shew their warrant. To take life, to take it on evidence which, in the nature of the case, can scarcely ever be more than presumptive, especially to doom one murderer, when others as guilty are spared, and have been from the beginning, is a fearful use of power, not to be justified by any thing less than the express word of God, and the absolute necessities of human society. In the word of God there is no justification, certainly no proof.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of THE CRITIC to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this society, William Spence, esq. F.R.S. (author, in conjunction with the Rev. John Kirby, of the well-known work on Entomology), in the chair; Messrs. W. Buchanan, F.L.S.; — Howatson, Bristol; J. Myers, F.L.S.; and W. Ogilby, F.L.S. hon. sec. to the Zoological Society of London, were admitted members; and Messrs. T. Blagrove, 22nd Nat. Inf.; Major Lecomte, New York; J. Beaumont, Bombay; F. Peters, Zanzibar; and E. Layard, Canada, all of whom had done much to promote scientific knowledge in their respective localities, were elected corresponding members of the society. A number of foreign beans, which have been perforated by a lepidopterous insect

since their arrival in this country, were exhibited to the meeting; and also several species of insects which have made their appearance from three to five weeks earlier than on former seasons, from the unprecedented mildness of the spring months. A rare sphinx, taken at Hammersmith, and a deilephila, attracted much attention. Mr. Westwood, the secretary, particularly requested the members to ascertain the exact date at which insects had been observed this season. A paper by Mr. Saunders, on several varieties of insects found in Australia and Van Dieman's Land was then read by the secretary, with scientific descriptions of five species of the genus *Pleomorpha*, viz. *Pleomorpha Davisii*, *P. rufocollis*, *P. rufipes*, *P. concolor*, and *P. ater*. The insects themselves were laid upon the table. Mr. Westwood called the attention of the meeting to a remarkable process or projection on one of the mandibles of a specimen of *Cleora*, which he conceived, as it invariably occurred on one mandible, to be a sexual distinction. A foreign writer on Brazilian insects had noticed a similar occurrence.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—A meeting of this society was held in their house in Soho-square, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, president, in the chair, when, after the routine business of the society was concluded, and Dr. Hugh Falconer, Dr. Hooker, and William Yarrell, esq. appointed auditors of the accounts of the past year, a paper was read on the migration and hibernation of the four British species of swallows, by Dr. Thomas Foster, with observations on their progress through different latitudes, and the dates of their arrival. These notes were taken on the Continent during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836; and it appears that they arrive in Sicily, from Africa, on or about the 1st of March, where they rest for a few days, during which their numbers are enormously augmented, and then they take their flight to more northern regions. It is to be observed that different species affect different haunts, the *hirundo riparia* selecting Pisa, and the *marten* the Campagna, as their halting place. A series of tables, constructed during a period of 30 years, in England and Belgium, gave from the 2nd of April to the 1st of May as the range of their appearance in London, the *H. rusticus* arriving about the 15th of April; *H. riparia*, 25th of April; *H. apus*, 30th April, and *H. urtica* about the 1st of May. Mr. Ralph read a communication on the structure and manner of impregnation of the violet, pointing out several peculiarities in the formation and adaptation of the fifth or spurred petal. These varieties of form consisted principally in the curve of the style and the position of a number of minute hairs which were placed so as to receive immediately the pollen which was shed when the vessels containing it were irritated by insects, which were attracted by the nectary attached to the fifth petal. This paper was illustrated by enlarged drawings of the several parts of the flower under consideration. Mr. Taylor announced to the meeting that a communication had taken place between the Institute of Belgium and the British Association, for the purpose of promoting the facilities for recording accurately observations on the hibernation and migration of animals; the tabular forms were in course of preparation, and a committee of the British Association would be appointed for their distribution.

NEW MODE OF KILLING SALMON.—On Saturday last Mr. Smith, the manager of the fisheries at Christchurch for the noble Lords Malmsbury, Canning, and Castlereagh, caught, whilst angling in the Avon, a fine salmon, in a somewhat singular manner. When the fish rose at the fly the scientific angler, instead of hooking him in the mouth, succeeded in striking fast hold of him by the tail; and after giving him plenty of line and a long chase, in which so much skill was displayed as to fully prove the sportsman to be perfect master of the "noble art," he eventually landed him, no doubt well pleased with his rather remarkable exploit.—*Poole Herald*.

A GOOD SHOT.—The other day, as the gamekeeper at Janetown was taking his rounds, he observed a salmon rising to a fly, and with the greatest alacrity he levelled his gun and shot the salmon dead.—*Inverness Courier*.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—During the late shooting season, some gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Ipplepen were returning after a good day's shooting, when, on passing a cover, a woodcock rose; but not being prepared or expecting to find game there, they took little notice of the bird. Not so, however, old Ranger; who on hearing the rise, reared himself on his hind-legs and marked him in. The party were proceeding on, when presently the dog came up to the gentleman who had

the gun, and jumping up tugged at the corner of his jacket. Not knowing the dog's meaning, he appealed to its owner, who was not carrying a gun, to have it explained. The master told him to take no notice but go on; but Ranger was not to be diverted from his purpose, and he repeated the tug at the coat. The gentleman then turned and followed the dog to a spot at some distance, where he halted. The dog then watched the gentleman's actions intently, while he prepared his gun and cocked the locks; and when ready, he instantly sprang forward to a bush and raised the woodcock, which immediately fell to the gentleman's gun.—*Western Luminary*.

CATTLE POISONED IN ICELAND.—Letters from Iceland, received at Copenhagen, state that a great misfortune has befallen that country, in consequence of the present eruptions of Hecla; a fatal malady having attacked the cattle, from eating herbage which had been covered by the volcanic ashes. "These ashes act more particularly on the bones of animals which have swallowed them. Thus, on the bones of the feet there are formed, in less than twenty-four hours, osseous excrescences of an oblong form, which gradually assume so formidable a development that they prevent the beasts from walking; the same phenomenon is then manifested in the lower jaw, which is at the same time enlarged, and extends in all directions so considerably that it eventually splits in several places; whilst on the teeth of the upper jaw there is formed a species of osseous needles, very long and pointed, which take root in the lower jaw, and even traverse it,—a phase of the malady which always determines a fatal issue. As high winds had prevailed for some time, the volcanic ashes were scattered throughout the island; and a great number of cattle, especially oxen, cows, and sheep, had perished. If the eruption of Hecla is prolonged for two months more, all the rural proprietors who have not enough hay to keep their herds—and the majority are in this situation—will be obliged either to slaughter their cattle, or to abandon them to certain death on the pastures thus poisoned by the volcanic ashes."

RARE BIRDS.—There were killed last week, near Norwich, four fine specimens of the *Podiceps Cornutus*, or Eared Grebe, in full plumage.

DISCOVERY OF A PLESIOSAURUS.—On the estate of W. Layton, Esq. Woodhouse, near Ely, in the railway cutting, now in progress to March and Peterborough, through the highest part of the hill, and belted by a fenny country, about five feet from the surface, have been found the fossil remains of the above creature of the old world. The workmen, in their ignorance of this treasure, broke to pieces and dispersed the head, neck, and trunk, but one of the paddles, and about ten feet of the tail will, it is expected, be tolerably perfect, and are now in the possession of Mr. Jones. The entire length is supposed to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, has been at Ely, and inspected the interesting discovery. Mantell says, "This reptile combines in its structure, the head of a lizard, with teeth like those of a crocodile, a neck resembling the body of a serpent, a trunk and tail of the proportions of those of a quadruped, with paddles like those of a turtle."—*Bury post*.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A MEMORABLE and glorious year in the history of British Art is this of 1846. Since the foundation by Royal Charter of a national school of art, English genius has, beyond dispute, never appeared in such imposing strength, and invested with so much splendour as it shews in this the seventy-eighth exhibition of the Royal Academy. He who shall walk through these rooms and survey the profusion of good, the many excellent, and the unusual number of grand works, which adorn the walls, bearing in mind the very gradual advance we have made in art up to this period, and whose heart does not swell with pride, nor inwardly congratulate his country on the triumphant advance she has suddenly made in the arts, must have neither taste nor judgment, or, possessing these, must lack enthusiasm and patriotism in the composition of his character.

It is not that our great artists, MACLISE, and EAST-

LAKE, MULREADY and ETTY, EDWIN LANDSEER, LESLIE and TURNER (of whom the first named did not enter the arena last season) so far transcend their former efforts, as to carry forward of themselves the character of the exhibition; but to the fact that men hitherto holding the second rank, such as POOLE and WARD, SIDNEY COOPER and PATTEN, ELMORE, DANBY, DYCE and FROST, have each and all produced works of rare merit, while the old standard Academicians stoutly maintain their ground, and the third and lower rate candidates have, broadly speaking, made an unmistakable improvement, that this desirable result is attributable.

Into the causes which have tended to produce this advancement, though we think them by no means difficult to determine, we have neither leisure, nor, indeed, sufficient space to enter here; the most obvious is, we opine, the stimulus resulting from a conviction which our artists, though slow to receive, have doubtless accepted at last—that they have but to paint well, and the public will purchase and pay as freely as can be desired.

Always rich in colour, the British school has been mainly deficient in drawing and expression. Aware of these weaknesses, and put to the blush herein by the Germans and French, our artists have latterly more cultivated these requirements, and with the happiest and most encouraging success. An appreciation, moreover, of the severe beauty of form and eloquent embodiment of the emotions and abstract qualities of the soul,—such as love, pity, devotion, penitence, or remorse,—which distinguished the works of RAFFAELLE, ALBERT DÜRER, MASACCIO, and others of the ancients; and that CORNELIUS, SCHADOW, and VEIT, among the Germans, ARY SCHEFFER and PAUL DE LA ROCHE, among the French, so ardently endeavour to revive, is daily making progress in this country. Its effects are in many places visible in this year's exhibition; and we hope all that is valuable of the early Italian school will be caught and retained by ours, while we avoid the hard and chilling mannerism into which the modern Germans have fallen when studying and imitating that school.

Though oftentimes the result of presumption in the individual, we take it to be the result of innate consciousness of power on the part of our artists when we find them frequently undertaking large subjects which comprehend a multitude of actors, and consequently require proportionate artistic ability to group and govern. The present exhibition offers an extraordinary number of such works, the drawing, expression, and colour of which are, for the most part, so excellent, that we are well content foreigners should judge of British art by this masterly exposition of its powers and character. And, firm in the belief that the results of improved method, of increasing and self-sustaining enthusiasm, and more strenuous exertion by our artists of late years is now only beginning to produce fruits, we look hopefully and confidently for loftier excellence and yet grander triumphs in years to come.

With the exception of a detailed notice of a few of the works which will be given in numerical order below, we propose at present to confine attention chiefly to the historical and imaginative subjects exhibited, leaving portraiture, landscape, and sculpture, to the summary which will introduce the respective critiques in our next and following numbers.

To give first mention to him who by universal acclamation is prize-winner in this arena of arduous competition, we must observe that Mr. MACLISE has sent this year but a single work—but such a one as outshines the lustre of a hundred of his small and less ambitious undertakings. This picture *Ordeal by Touch* (No. 14), belongs, if ever picture could claim it, to "high art,"—that sublime and rarely attainable region of which painters love to talk in a reverent and worshipful way. The fertility and force of imagination requisite to conceive, and

equally the comprehensiveness and tenacity of grasp indispensable to retain so grand a scene until secured on the canvass, convey to the spectator an idea of wonder. Nowhere can there be found in it short-comings or traces of weakness. The entire scene bears an impress of reality which almost makes the blood run cold; the actors have a terrible earnestness, and look for the issue of the trial with a deep suspense. The subject is adapted for the genius of the artist, and never has he, nor, indeed, any Englishman, produced a more impressive and masterly picture. Next to this in power and grandeur comes Mr. POOLE's impressive and, in every sense, admirable work, *The Visitation and Surrender of Syon Nunnery to the Commissioners of King Henry VIII.* (No. 75), of which it is not extravagant to say it is one of the most completely successful pictures which this age has produced. Scarcely behind MACLISE in effective combinations and expression, this artist excels him in colour; and by many it will no doubt be disputed whether the *Ordeal by Touch* or this is the noblest work. Mr. POOLE has now the most gratifying of triumphs over his envious detractors, who, believing his last exhibited works to be greatly inferior to his first memorable picture, *The Plague*, concluded he had not force of genius for another masterpiece, and confidently predicted that he would be "single picture POOLE;" to these we commend an examination of this grand historical work. Mr. MULREADY sends this year one of his choice and exquisitely finished paintings, and an extremely clever study for a picture in chalk. The scene of the former is from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the work forms a fine companion for *The Whistonian Controversy*, which created such a sensation two seasons ago. Mr. EASTLAKE, whose genius, when put forth, takes the foremost place, is, this year, not to be complimented upon his position. His only picture, *The Visit to the Nun* (No. 111), though characterised by that felicity of expression, careful drawing, skilful combination, and delicate finish which always prevail in his productions, is not a subject equal to the capacity of his genius, and therefore becomes unimpressive. Mr. PATTEN's *Pandora* (No. 100), is a finely-conceived and ably executed work. Its chief peculiarities are grandeur of line and a gorgeous colouring. Mr. EDWIN LANDSEER offers four works; two of which, *Time of Peace* (No. 53), and *Time of War* (No. 83), are equal to any thing this able master has produced. The sentiment, feeling, and execution which mark these works are perfect. Mr. ETTY, too, appears with more of his fascinations of form and colour, if possible, than ever. His large works, *The Syrens* (No. 166), and *The Judgment of Paris* (No. 200), have many admirers, though more to our taste is his gem, *The Grapen-gatherers* (No. 37). We never examine this artist's works without regret that he wilfully neglects the subordinate parts of them. It is no excuse to urge the necessity of concentrating attention upon the figures only; TITIAN and RUBENS, though equally remarkable for splendour of colouring, bestowed pains on their back grounds, examples which, for his fame, this artist would do well to imitate for the future. Mr. LESLIE proves in his fine picture, *Scene from Roderick Random* (No. 67), and especially in *Mother and Child* (No. 171), that his genius, far from flagging, is on the advance. The sentiment, character, colour, and high finish of these works are remarkable. We should not so long have omitted mention of Mr. WARD's most successful and striking picture *The Disgrace of Lord Clarendon* (No. 545), which is conceived in a right spirit, evinces great mastery of drawing, grouping, and expression, and no common imagination. Mr. ELMORE exhibits one picture, *The Fainting of Hero* (No. 314), from "Much ado about Nothing"—a clever work, shewing no ordinary skill in grouping, and of a happy colour, but deficient in that highest requisite—expression. Mr. FROST's *Diana surprised by Actæon* (No. 522), is a happy embodiment of

a voluptuous scene from Ovid. The artist here proves that not only can he draw and group ably, but invest his pictures with the most charming tones of colour. To Mr. DYCE we reserve the last mention in this our summary of the imaginative and historical works in the exhibition. It is rarely such a point of excellence has been attained by an English artist as that achieved by Mr. DYCE in his masterly picture, *Madonna and Child* (No. 451), in the west room. This work is equal to any of RAFFAELLE we have had the privilege of examining. The severe beauty of form, the spiritualized expression, the clearness of line, purity and truth of colour, accuracy of textures, and faultless drawing which every where prevail in this fine picture, are beyond our powers to praise too freely. This is the way we would have our artists profit by the school of RAFFAELLE—imbibe as freely as possible its excellence, rejecting its coldness, its hardness and dryness of colour, as peculiarities to be avoided, not copied, as they now are by the Germans.

We proceed to take in numerical order such of the works as most challenge investigation by their position, merits, or defects.

No. 14. *Ordeal by Touch*. D. MACLISE, R.A.—The most obvious characteristics of this noble work have been touched upon in the above summary. The scene is laid at the high altar, before which, on a richly sculptured stone table, is laid the corpse of the murdered man, wrapped from the shoulders downward in a winding-sheet, wounded on the breast, and bearing on its countenance the frown sealed by death. On the left, at the foot of the dead, stands his widow and one child, with an attendant bearing her orphan infant. She charges the accused with his crime, and demands justice. On the right, on steps at the head of the corpse, stands the accused, who, with head averted, as if seeking as far as possible to evade scrutiny of his countenance, and with out-stretched right arm, is about to touch the body of his victim. Below the murderer, on the right, are his wife and relatives. Opposite him, on the left, sit a jury, who watch sternly the issue of *the touch*; below these in front, leaning on his axe, awaits the executioner. The back-ground is filled with men in armour, and beside the altar, reading from an illuminated book the adjuration to the murderer, stands a bishop, mitred and stoled, and supported on his right by a cardinal. Rich windows of stained glass and gorgeous accessories of the altar impart value to the picture. The expression is wonderful—so wonderful and so real, indeed, as to impress the beholder with the very feelings to which so awful a scene, if actually witnessed, would give birth. The agony of the murderer, who, with intense effort, is screwing up his frame for the trial, the sickening fear of his relatives, the vindictive look of the widow, and the deep interest of the spectators, are expressed to the life. The unity of the subject is happily preserved, the government of grouping masterly, every one and every thing is where it should be, and where it tells best to the general effect. Throughout this large picture there is the greatest clearness and accuracy of detail, and the finish is perfection. Well may Mr. MACLISE be proud of so grand and complete a triumph as he has here achieved. We, too, have our pride, which is, that such a master and such a work are of British origin; and if the picture be not already sold, we could wish it became the property of the nation; and to the attention of the Commissioners of the National Gallery, who lay out thousands annually in Italian and Dutch pictures, to the neglect of English artists, we commend this magnificent production of native talent.

No. 22. *A Dutch Dogger carrying away her Sprit*. C. STANFIELD, R.A.—One of the most successful of this artist's always able works. The turbulence and freshness of a tempestuous sea are finely imitated. The vessel floats buoyantly and bravely upon the waves, is picturesque in line, and finely painted. Perhaps the sky, which wants depth, is the weakest part of the picture.

No. 23. *An Evening Drive round the Ramparts of Utrecht*. J. J. CHALON, R.A.—Never did Mr. CHALON commit a greater mistake than when he imagined his genius had an aptitude for landscape. A viler, heavier, or less

truthful landscape by any one appending to his name R.A. it has never been our unpleasant duty to examine and censure.

No. 24. *Psalmody*. S. A. HART, R.A.—This is Mr. HART's largest picture; we wish we could say his best. The figures are ill-combined, devoid of expression, and often badly drawn. The artist must have had wretched models—witness the attenuated boy on whom the aged patriarch leans, who suggests the idea of a half-nude sickly cockney.

No. 32. *Ruth and Boaz*. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A.—If Mr. PICKERSGILL cannot paint imaginative or historical works better than this, he had far better, for the sake of his reputation, desist from them altogether. In harvest there are generally light, and heat, and always atmosphere, and in the open country we have space, neither of which is to be found here. There is nothing that we can find to redeem this picture, which is ill-conceived, vulgar, and heavy as it well can be.

No. 37. *The Grape-gatherer*. W. ETTY, R.A.—One of the finest works, we opine, this artist has of late years produced. Colour has rarely been carried to higher perfection than it is here. The drawing, too, and sentiment of the subject are faultless, which cannot always be said of Mr. ETTY's productions.

No. 38. *The Student*. A. D. COOPER.—This, which we take to be an elevated transcript of the painter's own studio, is remarkable chiefly for feebleness of conception and oddity of arrangement. We cannot pardon the gross taste of the artist; he has a mistaken notion of decency, which has led him into vulgarity and coarseness. Far better had he shewn his model nude, than have wrapped her in blanket from which peeps out a dug, which seems rather to belong to Syceorax, than to an artist's model. The work has colour and texture to redeem it, but only these.

No. 43. *Mid-day Scene near Bideford, North Devon*. W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A.—One of those road scenes which Mr. WITHERINGTON so ably paints. The light is judiciously led in, and extremely vivid; the shadows are cool and transparent, and the handling of the foliage is free and characteristic.

(To be continued.)

New Publications.

Heath's New Gallery of British Engravings. Parts VI. and VII. London: Bogue.

THE six engravings in these two parts are selected from the extensive series which Mr. HEATH has brought out in the various annuals. They consist of portraits of Viscountess JOCELYN and the Princess of CAPUA, with fine views of Eton, the Waterloo Gallery in Windsor Castle, and Longchamps, in Paris. Besides these, there is REDGRAVE's very beautiful picture of "The Teacher," of itself worth the cost of the whole.

Parish Churches. By RAPHAEL and J. ARTHUR BRANDON, Architects. Part II. G. Bell.

THE excellent object of this publication is to present plans, upon an uniform scale, of such churches as, from their beauty of design and peculiar fitness for their purposes, seem worthy of being adopted as models by those engaged in church building. Hence it will be a valuable and acceptable offering to the architect, the clergyman, and the amateur. This number is devoted to Elton Church, Northamptonshire. It contains a great number of engravings.

Old England. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. Part IX. London: Knight and Co.

THIS is a publication wonderful alike for its cheapness and its beauty. It is the first of the parts that we have seen; but if all are like this, a more interesting and valuable contribution to the family library has never appeared. It contains a large coloured print of the Tomb of Sir FRANCIS VERE, in Westminster Abbey, and some hundred or so of other wood-cuts illustrative of the regal, ecclesiastical, baronial, municipal, and

popular antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland. As a work of art it deserves the warmest commendation, and proves the great progress made of late years by our wood-engravers. Mr. KNIGHT's descriptive letter-press is full of curious learning, and he has made it amusing as well as instructive.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ART UNIONS.—A deputation from the Art Union of London, consisting of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Montague, Mr. Wyse, M. P.; Mr. Ewart, M. P.; Mr. B. B. Cabell, Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Lewis Pocock, had a long interview with Sir Robert Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at Downing-street. The result was not considered satisfactory, and Mr. Wyse has arranged to postpone the consideration of his Bill for a short time longer.

MUSIC.

Songs of the Troubadours. No. 1, *Ladye dear.* No. 2, *The Etoile's Return to his Native Land.* Words by RICHARD DOWN, Esq.; music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London: Tregear and Lewis.

THESE are the commencement of a promising series of songs, on a theme fruitful of poetry and suggestive of music. Mr. ALLMAN has made good use of his opportunity, and produced two sweet airs, which fully maintain the reputation he has achieved.

DRAGONETTI'S WILL.—This celebrated and venerable artist has not, as it has been erroneously stated, left the greater part of his property to his sister's family, and afterwards to his native city, Venice. The necessary examinations, as well as the legal formalities, have not yet been concluded, so as to enable the executors (his old and faithful friend Mr. Novello, Mr. Heath, the governor of the Bank of England, and the Count Pepoli) to ascertain the exact amount of the property of which he died possessed. The will, which is written in Italian, contains mention of nearly the whole of his intimate friends, to whom he has bequeathed kind and affectionate remembrances. His valuable collection of musical instruments are principally left to the members of the orchestra of the Italian Opera-house. The whole of the choice prints and furniture, contained in one room of his residence, are bequeathed to the Duke of Leinster, who was the Signor's pupil, now between thirty and forty years ago. To the Duchess of Leinster he has also bequeathed a valuable brooch. His gold snuff-box he has left to Mr. Heath, and bracelets to Mrs. and Miss Heath. To the Count Pepoli he has left his books and his best paintings, of which he possessed a very choice collection; and to his other executor, Mr. Novello, his vocal scores and music, comprising many of his own compositions, which have not been published. His extensive collection of scores of modern operas he has left to the library of the Italian Opera-house. His valuable, and many very scarce scores of ancient operas, he has instructed his executors to present to the British Museum. Other portions of his instrumental music he has left to Mr. Pigott. To Mrs. Novello and her two daughters, the Countess Gigliozzi and Mrs. Serle, Mr. John Cramer, M. Sechter, of Vienna, and several other intimate friends, he has bequeathed legacies of various amounts. Dragonetti, when a young man, and struggling with difficulties, received many acts of kindness and attention from the authorities of the Cathedral of St. Mark, at Venice. To the heads of that establishment, as a memorial of his gratitude for their former kindness, he has bequeathed his celebrated bass, considered to be unrivalled for its peculiar sweetness of tone.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Piatti, the violoncello player, has arrived, and will play at the Philharmonic this evening. Drechsler, from Edinburgh, whose playing was so much admired last summer at one of the *matinées* of Mr. J. W. Davison, has also arrived. Cossmann, from Paris, is expected, but his coming is not certain. Offerbach will remain at Paris, with Batta-Mdle. and Herr Goldberg, in company with Miss Ellen Lyon and Mr. Carte, are on a professional tour to the provinces and Ireland. His Royal Highness Prince Albert has entered his

name for five subscriptions to the vocal concerts established by Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips. Pischek the vocalist has arrived in London, and will remain till August. Moriani, the singer, has been decorated with the Cross of Isabella the Catholic. The Madrid journal, *El Universal*, gives an account of the benefit, at the new Barcelona Theatre, of Signora Elisabetta Pareppa Archibugi, *prima donna assoluta* of that theatre. This lady is an English woman, the sister of our bass singer, Mr. Seguin, who is now in America. On the above occasion she appeared in the character of *Norma*, and was received by the most crowded and brilliant audience of the season with extraordinary marks of enthusiasm. The journalist speaks with admiration of her powers as a singer and an actress, and describes her as one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian stage.—*Musical World.*

PARISIAN MUSICAL NEWS.—The *Revue Musicale* mentions a report that Grisi and Mario have contracted an engagement for St. Petersburg. Thalberg was giving concerts in the South of France. One of the most brilliant concerts of the season was that of M. Blaes, the clarinet player, and Madame Blaes Meerti. The Milanese poet, Carlo Guarita, had died in Vienna, just as he had completed the libretto of an opera for Liszt. Ole Bull, the violinist, had quitted Paris for a tour in the provinces. Letters from Prague, of the 16th April, state that the success of Berlioz continued to be immense. A banquet had been given to him, at which a silver cup was presented to the French composer, Liszt being one of the orators. The latter delivered to Berlioz a gold box covered with diamonds, a present of Prince Hohenzollern-Hechingen. The Emperor of Russia had also sent to him a valuable diamond ring. Milan advises mention a new pianist of the first force, named Wilmers. The concert season was nearly concluded in Paris. Madame Damoreau, at the Theatre Italien, had excited great interest.

SIGNORA PAREPPA.—The Barcelona papers speak in high terms of the triumph of this *prima donna* at the Teatro Nuevo in *Norma*. A crown of gold had been presented to her. This *artiste* is an Englishwoman by birth, a daughter of Mr. Seguin, so many years connected with the Opera House. The American papers contain glowing accounts of the success of Edward Seguin, the basso, and Mrs. E. Seguin, in an English version of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Madame THILLON continues to attract crowded houses. On alternate nights the *Crusaders* is repeated, but to thin benches, and it is evident that this opera is approaching the term of its career. Indeed, our opinion has been from the first that it owed more to the spectacle than to the music, and the public judgment now confirms our own.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mademoiselle ROSE CHERI, who made her *début* here on Monday, is an accomplished actress; she has decided natural talents, and has done justice, by evident study, to the gifts so bestowed upon her. Her face is good, more characterised, however, by expression than by any marked beauty of feature, though even in this respect she is not deficient. Her figure is well turned, and her carriage easy and lady-like. She appeared in two new pieces—*Genevieve, ou La Jalousie Paternelle*, and *Un Changement de Main*. In the first of these she represents an amiable girl, who, with every disposition to wed the object of her choice (her father's cashier), is obliged to keep her inclinations an entire secret from papa, who, an excellent person in all other respects, and warmly attached to his cashier, cannot bear the idea of parting with his daughter to any one whatever, being afflicted with a most selfish degree of *jalousie paternelle*. By seeming to yield implicitly to this morbid feeling of his, *Genevieve* contrives, after rare difficulties, in accomplishing her twofold object of espousing her lover, and of not giving her father any reason to suppose but that she does so out of complaisance to him, in order that, as several suitors have presented themselves, she may, in marrying one of them, not be separated from *ce cher papa*. In Mademoiselle ROSE CHERI's excellent delineation of this well-conceived part, she is admirably supported by CARTIGNY, as the egotistical father. The second piece we have named, *Un Changement de Main*, is the original from which Mr. SELBY prepared his *Lioness of the North*, which was brought out at the Adelphi, with Madame CELESTE as the representative of the impetuous czarina, *Elizabeth*. Madame CELESTE's per-

formance was energetic and spirited, but still we are glad we have seen the embodiment of the part by Mademoiselle CHERI. She has acted *Elizabeth*, it seems, for one hundred nights in Paris, and we do not at all wonder at the success of the piece in her hands, for her conception and execution of the rôle are most artistic. The quiet dignity with which she checks the somewhat premature demonstrations of the young officer, whom she visits in person, supposing him to be some one else, is excellently given. The comedy altogether is well represented. There was a crowded audience.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The new piece called *The Irish Tiger*, which was brought out here on Saturday, as is usually the case with pieces put before the good-natured audience of the "little theatre," passed off very well indeed. The success which most pieces meet with at the Haymarket is not wholly attributable to the tolerating disposition of the audience; much of the said success is owing to the high and even character of the company. What piece can fail if HUDSON takes a part in it, and what could fail of success if with BUCKSTONE among its characters? Then again, Mr. FARREN, always inimitable; (by the way we are glad to see that one of his best characters has been again revived this season, we mean *Grandfather Whitehead*); and among the ladies there are Mrs. SEYMOUR and sweet little JULIA BENNETT; but we should be going too far beyond our limits, were we to enumerate all the attractions in the way of actors and actresses which Mr. WEBSTER presents to his audience. The new piece, *The Irish Tiger*, no doubt owes much of its success to the above-mentioned quality of the audience; but still, HUDSON plays an Irishman, and what audience could resist that! We will give a sketch of the plot of the *Irish Tiger*. *Alderman Marrowfat* (Mr. TILBURY), advertises for an Irish servant; before doing this, however, he has been as good as advertising for a husband for his daughter and her 6,000*l.*, in which enterprise he has so far succeeded as to learn that a Lincolnshire baronet, *Sir Charles Lavender*, admirably performed by Mr. HOWE, intends to try his fortune in that quarter; the *Alderman* also learns, that in order to discover the disposition and various qualifications and disqualifications of *Miss Marrowfat*, (Miss TELBIN), before taking the last step, *Sir Charles* means to become a candidate for the vacant situation of groom in the *Alderman's* family, for which *Marrowfat* has advertised for the Irish servant. Anterior, however, to the appearance of *Sir Charles*, comes a real "Irish tiger," *Paddy Ryan* (Mr. HUDSON), who of course, with theatrical blindness, is mistaken for the expected baronet. This error naturally leads to many amusing blunders. *Paddy* gets drunk at dinner, which the *Alderman* makes him take at his own table, supposing him no less a person than a baronet, and his daughter's suitor; he puts the whole house into confusion by his awkwardness, astonishes every one with his noise, and delights the lady's-maid with his love. At length comes the veritable *Sir Charles Lavender* in disguise, who runs an imminent risk of being turned out as an impostor, when, fortunately, *Alderman Marrowfat's* brother-in-law recognizes *Paddy Ryan*. *Sir Charles* is promised the hand of the lady, and the Irish tiger that of her maid. Mr. HUDSON played *Paddy* with his customary energy and lively enthusiasm. Mr. TILBURY, albeit by no means a favourite of ours, made a very tolerable *Alderman*, and, as usual, a not-to-be-endured one, this part, his very faults, those of vulgarity and coarseness, would fit him for. Miss TELBIN, as *Julia Marrowfat*, was completely satisfactory, as was also Mrs. CAULFIELD as her maid. The latter lady performs in a remarkably easy and quiet manner, which quite refreshes one. The piece was announced for repetition by HUDSON amidst much applause.

M. PHILLIPS has introduced a change of performances. His feats are more wonderful than ever. They who have seen his previous ones will be sure to go again, and it is impossible for any persons to visit him without being pleased. His sleights-of-hand are remarkable for their neatness.

THE COLOSSEUM is one of the exhibitions which visitors should bear in mind. It is, beyond question, the most magnificent in Europe.

THE DIORAMA is a wonderful work of art. The deception is perfect; it ceases to be a picture, and becomes a reality.

THE PANORAMA exhibits three pictures of famous places,—Constantinople, Athens, and Rouen,—and so truthful are they, that they dwell in the memory precisely as if the visitor had been looking at the places themselves, and not at canvass,—so perfect is the illusion.

HALL OF ROME.—A new series of *Tableaux Vivans* has been introduced here. Some of them are extremely beautiful. This place will well reward a visit among the sights of the season.

MRS. PHILLIPS' ENTERTAINMENTS.—The literary and musical entertainments given by this lady have not in the slightest degree retrograded in their attraction, but, on the contrary, appear to have made rapid progressional strides in public estimation. On Thursday se'night Mrs. PHILLIPS appeared at the City Lecture Theatre, when a crowded audience manifested

the same enthusiastic spirit as at Crosby Hall. Five of the twelve compositions sung by Mrs. PHILLIPS were encored, and at the conclusion of the fair lecturer's exertions, she was greeted with an amount of applause that would have satisfied the most eager aspirants for popularity. HOOD's exquisite "Song of the Shirt" occupied a place in the programme. Before introducing it, Mrs. PHILLIPS delivered an address on the sufferings of the poor needlewomen of the metropolis, which sensibly affected a large proportion of the hearers, and announced her intention to give an entertainment on Thursday, April 30th, in aid of the funds of the "Distressed Needlewomen's Society." We need hardly add, this announcement was warmly received.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the latest additions to the establishment is a swimming apparatus, which is exhibited by the diver in the basin of the institution. The following is a description of the apparatus. Gloves with the hand webbed, which greatly exceeds the power of the natural hands. Air-tight conical armlets, connected to the gloves, and which are detached into three parts, very simply connected, thereby leaving to the elbows and wrists entire freedom when applied to use by being drawn on the arms and hands. The armlets are drawn up to the points of the shoulders and elbow, confining the power of buoyancy, when inflated, on the leverage of the joints, thereby raising the individual over the surface of the waves of the sea, and keeping the head high, and the mouth free from water. Self-acting valves for inflating the armlets; cork clogs (secured by elastic straps and buckles) concave at bottom; cross straps passing over the shoulders, and fastened to the two rings of the upper armlets for preserving the position when the inflation is sufficiently discharged, and permitting the diver or wearer to dive with facility. This apparatus is rather difficult to describe without a drawing or diagram, yet once viewed it will be clearly comprehended. To all those interested on the subject, we would advise them to go to the Polytechnic and judge for themselves.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillipe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

NECROLOGY.

MR T. TEGG.

The late Mr. Tegg, whose decease we announced a few days ago, enjoyed for a long period an extensive reputation as a bookseller and publisher. His early career was one of struggling and difficulty, and his life presents another of the many instances already recorded, of how much perseverance and earnestness of purpose can accomplish. At his death, he left a large fortune. Mr. Thomas Tegg was born in 1776, at Wimbledon, in Surrey. During his boyhood, Horne Tooke was a neighbour of his parents, and frequently noticed him. His father dying, he was left to the care of some friends, who sent him to Galashiels, in Selkirkshire, where, for the extremely moderate sum of ten pounds per annum, he was boarded, lodged, clothed, and educated, by a Mr. Graham, with whom

he remained four years. At the end of that period, he set out on a cold November morning to walk to Dalkeith, with nothing in his pockets but a letter of introduction to a party in that town, and a sixpence. There he obtained a situation. Removing to Edinburgh a short time after, he first saw Robert Burns, Hugh Blair, and Henry Mackenzie, in the shop of Creech, which those worthies were in the habit of frequenting. From Edinburgh Mr. Tegg found his way, after a time, successively to Berwick, Alnwick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Durham. After many privations and trials, he obtained employment in the last city. In after years he visited Durham under more gratifying circumstances, having been honoured with an invitation by Dr. Van Mildert, the bishop of that see. From Durham Mr. Tegg removed to Sheffield, and worked in Mr. Gale's printing office, where he met with Thomas Paine, whose *Age of Reason* was first printed at Gale's press. His ambition, like that of almost every aspirant, was, however, turned towards the metropolis. Eventually he set out for London, where he arrived broken in spirit and low in purse. As he did not immediately obtain employment, his sufferings were great; but perseverance overcame them, and he entered the service of the then well-known publishers, the Messrs. Arch and Co. of Cornhill, with whom he remained nine years. His care and prudence during that time placed him in a position to think of commencing business on his own account, and, with that view, he took a shop in Aldersgate-street, whence he afterwards removed to 111, Cheapside. In the former Mr. Tegg laid the foundation of his fortune; he commenced a system of evening book auctions, which he continued for many years, and which were afterwards carried on by others in imitation of him. By means of these, and by entering largely into the publishing trade, either in issuing reprints or copyrights at a low price, he was, there can be little doubt, one of the most active pioneers of cheap literature, the blessings of which are now so extensively enjoyed. At length Mr. Tegg's trade increased so rapidly, that he found extensive premises essential, and transferred his business to No. 73, Cheapside, known as "the old menor-house." Here his transactions were as large, perhaps, as those of any single bookseller. In 1843 Mr. Tegg was elected Sheriff of London, but his declining health prevented him from serving that important office, and he not only paid the fine of 400*l.* to the City of London School, but presented an additional hundred to found a "Tegg scholarship," together with a valuable collection of books. In November 1845 Mr. Tegg's health became so seriously affected as to excite the worst fears of his family and friends; and, after much suffering, he expired on the 21st of April last. He was buried at Wimbledon, his native village. Mr. Tegg was a man who combined powers of endurance under misfortune with determination of purpose in a remarkable degree. To use his own recent words—"Truly I can say that, passing through life, whether rich or poor, my spirits never forsook me so as to prevent me from rallying again. I have seen and associated with all ranks and stations in society. I have lodged with beggars, and had the honour of presentation to royalty. I have been so reduced as to plead for assistance, and, by the goodness of Providence, I have been able to render it to others." With this apt and appropriate summary of his life from his own lips, we close our short notice of one of the interesting and notable characters of the day.—*Daily News*.

MR. J. LE KEUX.

Mr. John Le Keux, the architectural engraver, whose name appears on so many valuable publications of Mr. Britton, died lately at the age of sixty-two. He was a faithful delineator of cathedral and other monuments of ancient architecture or modern buildings in which style was affected.

NIKOLAI POLEVÓI.

Russia has just lost, in Nikolai Plevói, one who, though not of equal celebrity with Krilov, did much more for the progress of literature and the spread of information among his countrymen. Plevói was indeed an extraordinary man, both for comprehensiveness of mind and the universality of his studies,—to say nothing of his amazing industry. When we relate that he was born at Irkutsk, in Siberia (June 22, o.s. 1796), he will hardly be thought to have been cradled among

the Muses. But he inherited from his father—who seems to have been a perfect *helluo librorum*—an unconquerable passion for reading, even from his earliest boyhood. Of that, and the subsequent period of his life, until he embraced literature as a profession, he has given several interesting and touching details in an autobiographical preface to his *Otcherki*,—a collection of some of his miscellaneous pieces of criticism and history. Destined by his father to business, he not only submitted un-murmuringly, but applied to it diligently—we may say heroically—in such manner as to acquire, among those who could best appreciate such talent, the character of having quite a genius for it. Such rare and noble sacrifice of feeling to duty rather exalts than at all lessens our idea of Plevói; since so far from relaxing in his studies, he devoted every hour of his leisure, and almost his entire rights, to them. Study—and he seems to have grasped at the *omne scibile*—was in him a perfect passion; and continued so to his last hour. There may perhaps be some exaggeration in what is said of his latterly giving twenty hours out of the twenty-four to continued literary occupation; for it seems more than any man's physical powers can be equal to. The embarrassment of the father's affairs caused the removal of the family to Moscow; but they reached it merely to flee again, and to behold its memorable conflagration from a distance. After a short interval passed at St. Petersburg, the family returned to Irkutsk; where the father made a last, but unavailing effort to retrieve his circumstances. This ill success liberated Nikolai from trade, leaving him free to make literature his sole pursuit; and in the exercise of it, one of his great objects was to bring instruction more within the reach and sympathies of the great mass of the people. There was nothing of the *parvenu* Plevói—no truckling to rank and caste nor to approved and respectable prejudices. His independence of opinion may be gathered from the rough touch with which he has rubbed some of the gilding off the so-called "golden age" of Leo X.; which he will not allow to have been a period at all distinguished by greatness, either intellectual or moral. Had Plevói done nothing else he would have conferred a signal benefit on the literature of his country by 'The Moscow Telegraph'; which he carried on for about ten years, in conjunction with, and almost solely aided by, his brother Xenophon. That journal set the example of a higher and more manly tone in criticism. His 'History of the Russian Nation,' written with the intention of correcting Karamzin's history, was not so successful. There is an excellent portrait of Plevói among those in the second decade or volume of the *Sto Russkikh Literaturov* (The Century of Russian Literary Men); which publication, we may observe, contains exceedingly good portraits of Kukulnik, Bulgaria, and Gaetch,—whereas that of Krilov is one of the poorest.—*Athenæum*.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—April 13 and 20.—It was stated, some time ago, that several specimens of saline and bituminous liquids, collected, by the French missionaries in China, from natural wells in that country, had been received; and that a committee had been appointed to examine them. The report was made on the 20th. The only remarkable fact contained in it is the announcement that the salt water sent by the missionaries does not contain the smallest portion of iodine. As to the bitumen, it resembles in every respect what is found, under the same circumstances, in North America and other countries. M. Becquerel made some observations on certain phenomena relative to the production of voltaic electricity. It is known that, if a pile be formed of a thin plate of gold and a plate of platinum, a current of electricity will be transmitted; and, as neither of these metals is oxidizable, the fact was accounted for only by contact. This was a very unsatisfactory way of accounting for the result, but it was the only one that presented itself. M. Becquerel, however, has ascertained that the plate of gold does undergo an alteration by its combination with the oxygen of the air; and thus, the production of electricity, under such circumstances, comes within the ordinary law recognized by natural philosophers. A long communication was received on the subject of the gold found in the sands of the bed of the Rhine. Hitherto,

the annual extraction, after defraying the cost of collection and washing, has not averaged more than 45,000*l.* a-year; but, according to the communication made by M. Daubré, and which is said to be founded on as accurate a computation as possible, the bed of the Rhine does not contain less than nearly 36,000 tons of gold, which would be worth in the market 114 millions of francs. A paper was received on the disproportion of the sexes in France. According to the statistical returns for the last thirty years, the number of female births is as 937 to 1,000 males. The author attributes the larger number of males to the fact, that there are more labouring men and women than fine ladies; and that labour is favourable to the male increase of the species, whilst idleness favours the production of females. M. Guillon, a surgeon of the army in Algeria, has sent a paper on the ravages of locusts in that country. According to this gentleman, there is reason to fear new and destructive invasions, from the abundance of eggs deposited by the last visitors.

ELECTRIC CLOCK.—The public is aware of Mr. Bain's invention of the electric clock, which derives its motive power from currents of electricity in the earth. Mr. Bain has invented and patented another kind of electric clock, which we had the pleasure of examining on Wednesday, when it was exhibited here by the inventor to a few scientific gentlemen,—the clock being in Glasgow, and the pendulum in Edinburgh! By means of the electric telegraph along the railway, constructed by Mr. Bain, he intimated his wish that the pendulum at the other end of the line should be put in motion. The answer was given with the rapidity of thought; for the machinery in the clock instantly began to move. To be more particular—the clock was placed in the station-house, in Glasgow; the pendulum belonging to it in the station-house at Edinburgh—the two being forty-six miles apart. They were joined by means of the wire of the telegraph, in such a manner as that, by a current of electricity, the machinery of the clock in Glasgow was made to move correctly according to the vibrations of the electrical pendulum in Edinburgh. Thus, when the pendulum in Edinburgh moved to the left, a magnet of the clock in Glasgow moved to the left; and when the pendulum moved to the right, the magnet likewise moved to the right, the movement being produced instantaneously by the rush of the electric current along the wire. The motions of the pendulum in Edinburgh being thus faithfully represented by the magnet in the clock, time was accurately kept, and indicated on the dial in the usual way. The same result could, at one and the same time, have been produced in a clock at the Linlithgow, and another at the Falkirk station, as well as at the Glasgow terminus; that is to say, the Edinburgh pendulum could have equally regulated all the three, which would thus have moved together like one machine. In like manner, Mr. Bain informed us, were the telegraphic wires extended over the whole of Scotland, and every railway station or town on the line had its own electric clock, the pendulum at Edinburgh would propel and regulate them all. And still farther, were England and Scotland united in one grand chronometrical alliance, a single electrical pendulum of this description, placed in the Observatory at Greenwich, would give the astronomical time correctly throughout the whole country.—*Scotch Reformers' Gazette.*

WATER COLOURS PREPARED WITH WAX.—A very ingenious mode of preparing water-colours has been recently discovered by the Messrs. Reeves, of Cheapside, names long known in the history of the fine arts, and associated with the earliest recollections of those who, either as amateurs or artists, have made painting their amusement or study. The medium used in the preparation of these colours is the purest virgin wax, by the introduction of which, assisted by those processes which modern chymical science has brought to the aid of art, gum, which was formerly the medium employed, is entirely got rid of, and, with its use, the evils with which it was attended. Of late years water-colour painting has, in England, made such strides towards perfection, that what was a few years ago looked upon as the utmost that could be produced by artists in that branch of art is now very justly regarded as the incipient struggle towards perfection, and bears but a remote analogy, as far as intensity of effect is concerned, to what may now be seen in the exhibition rooms of the societies of painters in water-colours. Nevertheless, to produce a continuation of brilliancy, transparency, and depth; to give the water-colour painter the power of competing with his brethren

who make use of oils; in short, to enable him to depict nature with still greater truth than he has yet done, it is necessary that he employ a medium of greater power than hitherto has been employed. This invention appears to have supplied this medium, and if the opinions of some of the most celebrated artists are to be taken as a test of merit and efficacy, the testimonies of those gentlemen have been most lavishly tendered to the invention.

GLASS MILK PANS.—The repeal of the duty on glass, which led to the employment of this substance as a material for pipes for the conveyance of water, has been succeeded by its use for milk pans, which are not only much more easily cleaned than metal, but may actually be scalded without any fear of fracture.

DISEASED POTATOES.—At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held April 29, at the Society's Rooms, Hanover-square, Lord Portman communicated the results of some experiments made on the growth of potatoes from diseased tubers, of which on a former occasion he had reported progress. The most striking facts were these. Where eyes were planted, which had been scooped out, but allowed to become stale, the great part has failed; but where fresh eyes were planted, all of them were growing. Of the autumn planted potatoes, all are doing well in dry ground; but only half promise well in ground less friable, the other half proving rotten. All the produce from diseased potatoes sown has proved to be sound and good. From tubers planted in a hot-house in October last, in dry heat, fine sprouts have been taken five times successively from such tubers, and planted along with the original tubers, in the open ground, for a crop; and all the plants of this multiplied crop are now growing luxuriantly.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

NOTES ON VITAL MAGNETISM.

SIR,—SOME of the most decided and complete manifestations of phreno-magnetic power, with complicated combinations of organs, have arisen from under my own hands—in conjunction with a gentleman friend—the last few evenings. The subject was a young man of fair complexion, small reflective organization, rather small blue eyes, about the age of twenty-three. He is, from his low condition, not in good health, extremely deficient in muscular power, and, after each excitement, drops into a state of such helplessness as to require the assistance of some one to hold him in his chair and conduct his head to a comfortable position on the pillow. Effects from touch upon any organ are instantaneous, and he becomes firm and very powerful so long as the finger is in contact, but drops as instantly the moment it is removed. The experiments have lasted generally about three hours, and when we wish to restore him to the normal state, he has had to be roused with some difficulty. His health is improved. He goes off by Dr. Braid's system of looking upwards towards a point, or to the end of the finger. Under Imitation alone, he repeats, with the greatest accuracy, any language that is spoken to him, giving the nicest inflection and intonation, whether guttural, nasal, or any difficult peculiarity upon the sounds of the language. He laughs, coughs, claps his hands, beats the foot, &c.; but no sound arouses him when the finger is removed. We touched Wit, with Time and Tune: he began whistling very merrily some Irish air, beating time with his hands; on the influence of Veneration, without demagnetising, but he said, "there was a time for all things; he should not pray then." We disengaged Wit and Tune, leaving Time and Veneration; his hands were placed palm to palm in prayerful attitude, and he sunk from his chair upon his knees, and in a low and most devout and purely reverential manner repeated the Lord's Prayer. When he had nearly come to the conclusion, I touched Hope, and he cried out, he "hoped he should be heard—he hoped" (a great many hopes), when we weakened the influence, and, by exciting Self-esteem, he rose, seated himself, and said he was General Moore; called for John, told him to go to Grafton-street and get him a gross of cigars. I answered as John, telling him I would go directly, but "the money for the cigars." "Oh, tell them General Moore: I live at 24, College-green. That's enough." His attitudes under this influence were truly wonderful. The countenance was new—the dignity and thorough feeling of the display of the West-end lounge was admirable, having all the foppery and real conceit of the consequential fellow, quite superior to his company. We added Combativeness—he demanded a pistol. We told him to box. "No: he would not condescend to any such low revenge; he would do nothing short of 'blowing the fellow's brains out.'" With Self-esteem, Benevolence, Constructiveness and Veneration,

he gave himself several airs of great self-importance, saying he should build. "Build what?" "Build what? why, a church: there are not half churches enough. I shall build a school: look at the Protestants, what large schools they have got. And I will have plenty of prayer-books." Veneration, self-esteem, and gustativeness—"I breakfast at nine, and if you come at ten, I will give 100l. for the school-rooms to-morrow morning. John, fetch the carriage; four horses. I will go to church. Bring me some porter; I will have some porter before I start." "Oh, you can walk to church." "No, I will go in the carriage, I am Captain O'Connell; I should not think of walking; I shall put 5l. into the box at the door." "How do you hold the reins of four horses?" Too proud to answer—"How do you?" "I hold them between my finger and thumb." He puffed his cigar in our faces, and turned on his heel with a sneer. The action was perfect. Upon varying or modifying this combination, we produced beautiful degrees of intention. Philoprogenitiveness, we found, if touched at the centre, would cause him to take a child upon his knee and fondle it; this he did in various ways. But, on altering the excitement to any other part of the organ, he called the chickens, fed them, kept the old birds off; or, altering again, he had a fine horse, a beautiful dog, &c. On adding Combativeness, clenching his fists, gathering together his arms, he encouraged "Buffer" (his dog) to fight; relieving combativeness and adding comparison, he said at once, "Comparison is odious. Och, compare a man to a horse, och." Locality—he instantly described the bridge he came over, and the places he passed. Size and colour—He told an initial upon a seal, which was in old English, letter clumsily engraved, he called the L. F. but it being on the reverse, this we felt to be excusable. He could not read a large placard, he said "his eyes were weak." Individuality—He spoke of each person around him. Combined with number—he said there were six besides himself and the magnetizer. One man took his hand, he said, "I never saw this man before, I do not know him, but he is sick, he was sick last night." He then went on describing his illness, which had been partly a nervous derangement of the head, and so on. He then prescribed for the complaint; his features taking a *compassionate, dignified, reflective* cast we had not seen before, or could have considered so frail a subject to be capable of pourtray. It was now getting late, and I touched Time and Number, asking him what o'clock it was: he instantly said *nearly half past eleven*. Our friends, of course, produced their time-pieces, and to our astonishment and great satisfaction, the poor fellow had told (or as our sceptic friends would say "guessed") right in a moment.

If I do not make my article too long, I could wish to add one word for the following evening's trials. It was, indeed, an exhibition, the moral of which can but strike caution and terror into every thoughtful practitioner, as it did to my friends who were assembled around me. After many trials, I touched Individuality. The "sick man" was present, he was placed *en rapport*. "What! are you alive yet?" I added Secretiveness. The countenance took a *fearful* sinister cast, and he began searching all about the person of my friend, and at last he got to the waistcoat pocket, and taking out the things, one at a time, very carefully, he examined them, and placed them, with a breathless anxiety, into his own pocket. I added Firmness, and he said "Let us get all we can, we will go halves afterwards;" so he went on pillaging the pockets of his victim. Some of the lookers-on began to laugh, just as Caution was being added. The poor patient was arrested with his hand just entering the waistcoat pocket (a composition grouped well for an artist). A cold tremor shook him. His hair was literally beginning to stand "on end." His teeth chattered. The coward fear of the delinquent, about to be caught in the fact, was so awfully gone through, we were all obliged to say—If the power of Magnetism is so great as to arouse all these sensations at once, what could not Magnetism do were it to be used to *allay* them? The scene was truly terrific. And we hastened to relieve him as carefully as possible, and then to produce better intentions. It was, from the accuracy of this experiment, responded to by every nerve throughout the body. The feet were full of caution (the poor man had no shoes or stockings: in Ireland this is not at all uncommon), the breathing sustained, while in the act, and then the horror of discovery elevated the dread, and made it so convincing, that the mind's guardian of the *Philanthropic practitioner*, and that this power must not, indeed, be used for sport. Under Secretiveness he would pocket all he could get; and, under Conscientiousness, restore each to its own proper owner; and by adding Benevolence, he would bow, and say "Thank you," all in an instant. Self-esteem, Time, and Tune, throws him about his chair, taking ample attitudes, whistling, and beating time in a most independent manner. Wit and Tune, by and by, add Time, begins singing directly; stops upon removing the finger; takes up the note and word upon returning the touch. On experiment these were changed by the union of a second person by the

means of affixing a cord to the patient, the cord held by the other person. We found that the touch upon any organ upon the head of the second was instantly communicated to the subject, and he responded, though not so instantaneously, as if his own head had been touched. This experiment we tried with combinations, and got from Time, Tune, Wit, and Locality, so perfect a manifestation, that he danced with the most perfect time, keeping his hands, head, and whole figure in motion together; stopping or altering immediately, as I increased or decreased either one or more of these organs upon the head of the second subject; the cord being held all the time. I then sat down myself, and upon any organ being touched upon my head, the effect was precisely the same. These experiments were done at 3, Cullen's-wood, Ranelagh, Dublin.

April 16, 1846.

LAVINIA JONES.

MESMERISM.—The phenomena of mesmerism, whatever they may say, are most diligently investigated in this city by several able and intelligent gentlemen, of whose varied success we are constantly hearing, through rumour, very extraordinary reports. We have not seen any of these private experiments that are going on; but we have received so extraordinary a statement from Mr. J. P. Parker, surgeon in the Cathedral-yard, that we are bound in fairness to publish it without any disparaging observations. That gentleman states that he has performed a most painful operation on the eye of a female patient on nine different occasions, the patient on each occasion being in the mesmeric state; the operation was performed without producing the least pain, and what is more remarkable, no inflammation has followed either of the operations. As inflammation is the greatest danger to be avoided in this operation, this gives the mesmeric operator a most extraordinary advantage. He adds that from three to seven medical or other creditable persons, have been present at each operation. The case is published in the *Zoist* of this month.—*Western Times*.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

1. WILL WANTED.—Of WILLIAM TAPRELL, of 5, Stanhope-street, Newcastle-street, Strand, previously of 41, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn.
2. SARAH GRIFFIN, spinster, formerly of Gracechurch-street, and at Mrs. Cottle's, 3, Camberwell-grove, something to her advantage.
3. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL NEDHAM, merchant, from the neighbourhood of Manchester, died at Brody, in Galizia, June 25, 1835.
4. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM SHEPPY, of Totteridge, in the county of Hertford, farmer, died April 20, 1813.
5. HEIR-AT-LAW and in GAVEL-KIND OF THOMAS ASHBEY, late of the parish of Hearn, in the county of Kent, farmer, died July, 1831.
6. REPRESENTATIVES OF — BAXTER, upholsterer, of Piccadilly, or Oxford-street, in 1810, something to their advantage.
7. NEXT OF KIN OF SUSANNAH CURTIS, of Park-lane, Middlesex, and Thistle-green, Brompton, died Nov. 1, 1832.
8. MRS. BARUGH and her children, natural daughter of the late HENRY PONT, Recorder of Cambridge; bequeathed 200l. by will of FRANCIS BURTON, late of Upper Brook-street, Middlesex.
9. ANN GETHINGS and her children, and PHILLIPPA MARIA ATKINS and her children, sisters and devisees of WILLIAM MEULK, of Taunton, Somerset, died Jan. 1790.
10. JOHN CUDLIFF, of Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars. WILLIAM GLOAG, formerly of the Ordnance Medical Department, Woolwich. GABRIEL GREGORY WHITE, formerly of 34, Old Broad-street, and Lloyd's. MATTHEW BOWYER, formerly of St. Mildred's-court. LEWIS HAPPY, formerly of 6, Egremont-place, New-road. S. B. SWEETMAN, formerly of Gainford-place, Upper Islington. C. S. FENWICK, Dulwich.

- JAMES HARRISON, Birmingham. The above are all entitled to receipt of some money.
11. NEXT OF KIN OF ELIZABETH SMITH, late of New-road, Brighton, died Oct. 1834.
 12. NEXT OF KIN OF GEORGE DAWE, Esq. R. A. Newman-street, Marylebone, afterwards of St. Petersburg, died 15th Oct. 1829.
 13. NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES SCOTT, of Newnham-street, Edgeware-road, died Feb. 1833.
 14. HEIR-AT-LAW OF SAMUEL FOSTER, died at Birmingham many years ago, possessing property at Sydney.
 15. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM ANDREW PRICE, Esq. MARY WARBURTON, widow, LUCY BOND, JOHN M'CLUIR, formerly in marine service, ROBERT YOUNG, formerly of Bombay, marine, J. F. NELSON, formerly ensign of his Majesty's 65th regiment, ELEANOR BOYD, and Captain JOHN SAMPSON.
 16. HEIR-AT-LAW OF ISRAEL JAMES HUDSON, late of Dean-street, in the parish of St. Paul, Bristol, died Feb. 1835.
 17. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL BOURN, late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, Esq. died Sept. 1834.
 18. NEXT OF KIN AND HEIRS-AT-LAW IN GAVEL-KIND, OF SUSANNAH SARGENT, late of St. Margarets, Rochester, widow, died August, 1835.
 19. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN SCARSBROOK (late PARSLER), wife and afterwards widow of JAMES SCARSBROOK, of Turville, Bucks, labourer.
 20. WILL WANTED.—Of Lieut.-col. JAMES LAWRIE, deceased.
 21. CHILDREN OF Mrs. ESTHER HILL, formerly of Brayfield, who resided at Clapham, Surrey, about the year 1772, or their descendants.
 22. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH SOPHIA SOAMES MONDAY, late of Cowley-road, Kennington, Surrey, widow (whose maiden name was BRANDON), died May 11, 1836.
 23. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM PICKERING, late of Great Driffield, East Riding of York, tanner and maltster, died at Driffield Sept. 1835.
 24. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN EVERETT, late of Adam-street, Portman-square, died in Jan. 1834; was wife of ANTHONY EVERETT, of Adam-street, carpenter, and before marriage she was ANN TOLSON, spinster, and lived in Bryanston-square.
 25. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN PAGE, formerly of Pear Tree-street, and afterwards of Goswell-street-road, Middlesex, widow, died Aug. 6, 1821.
 26. NEXT OF KIN OF CHRISTOPHER GREENWOOD MASON, late of Bridge-houses, near Doncaster, York, maltster, died March 17, 1834.
 27. PROOF OF DEATH OF WILLIAM BUTCHER, of Great Yarmouth, seaman on board Her Majesty's ships *Tromp* and *Tisiphone*, and merchant ship *Speculator*, and others; finally quitted his wife at Yarmouth, in 1804, and was seen on board some ship at Rio Janeiro in 1811.
 28. NEXT OF KIN OF the following, who died in India:—Capt. JAMES OWEN, country sea service; JAMES COATES, conductor; SAMUEL BUTLER, master mariner; Capt. GEORGE CHALON; Lieut. JAMES ARTHUR, in marine service; Capt. CROFT GREENAWAY, in marine service; and MARTIN FRENCH, Esq.
 29. NEXT OF KIN OF FRANCES COOPER, late of Hinckley, Leicester, spinster, died March 2, 1818.
 30. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN KENTISH, late of Paddington-street, Marylebone, Middlesex, victualler, died July 9, 1822.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MORE INFORMATION ABOUT SHAKESPEARE. — At the monthly Council of the Shakespeare Society, some new particulars were communicated respecting persons who were, in all probability, members of the family of our great dramatist. It is known that William Shakespeare had a brother Edmund, an actor at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, although he never attained much distinction. It now appears that there was also an Edward Shakespeare, a player, and not at the

theatres to which William and Edmund belonged, but at a rival house—the Fortune. The intelligence regarding Edward Shakespeare does not redound much to the credit of his morals; and it applies to the year in which Edmund Shakespeare died, and when William Shakespeare was enjoying the highest reputation. This discovery of course gives rise to the question who this Edward Shakespeare was, and whether any, and what, relation to William? We find no trace of his registration at Stratford, or in London, and the information, of which we are now put in possession for the first time, does not show decisively whether he was young or old in 1607—probably the former. Further matter of speculation is afforded by another new fact, viz. that a Thomas Shakespeare was married, in 1618, in the parish in which the Fortune theatre stood. Was he son to Edward Shakespeare, and was he at all related to William? The marriage was by license; for it has been preserved, as if the parties were of some wealth and respectability. Other novel particulars deserving record were laid before the Council, and on unquestionable evidence; such as, that Nathaniel Field, the rival of Burbage, and the actor in many of Shakespeare's dramas, was actually the son of John Field, a Puritan minister, and a violent and bitter enemy of theatrical performances; that Ben Jonson was re-married in 1623; that John Lowen, the famous actor, who lived until near the close of the Civil Wars, was the son of a carpenter, and that he was born in 1576—a date not hitherto ascertained. These points and others will be included in a volume now in the press, and soon to be issued to the members of the Shakespeare Society—consisting of “the lives of all the original actors in Shakespeare's plays.” In connection with the history of our early stage, several new and valuable documents were placed at the disposal of the Council, including Royal Patents, by James I. to various companies of actors, and a curious and important instrument, bearing date in 1582, by which Queen Elizabeth gave authority to Edmund Tylney, the Master of the Revels, to press into her service, for her sport and amusement, not only all “players of tragedies, comedies, and interludes,” but all “playmakers;” and, upon refusal, to attach and commit them, without bail or mainprize, for any time the Master of the Revels might think proper. Of this most arbitrary commission we have had no previous notice; and it is of the more importance, because, in the year following its date, the Queen selected a company of players of her own from the very parties thus compelled “to appear and recite their productions” before the Master of the Revels. The two leaders of the Queen's company were Robert Wilson and Richard Tarleton,—both of them famous comedians, but especially the last, whose memory was long cherished by the people. Taverners adopted his picture as their sign, and tokens were struck, as locally current money, bearing his effigy. One of these numismatical curiosities has been handed down to our day, and it was exhibited to the Council, and a magnified engraving ordered to be made from it.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—CROMWELL'S MACE.—At a meeting of this society, held on the 30th April, a paper by Charles Richard Weld, Esq., assistant secretary and librarian to the society, was read, giving an account of the mace presented to the society by King Charles II. in 1663. It has long been believed that this mace is that turned out of the House of Commons by Cromwell, when he uttered these remarkable words, “Take away that fool's bauble,” and several books, professing to be authentic histories, have recorded that the bauble mace is in possession of the Royal Society. The author of the paper has traced the history of the “bauble,” which was made expressly for the Commonwealth Parliament, a few weeks after the execution of Charles I. and was quite different in form to the royal mace, being nearly destitute of ornament. This mace was used in the House of Commons till within a month of the Restoration, when a new mace was ordered to be made like that formerly used in the time of Charles I. The mace in the possession of the Royal Society has not only a large crown and cross, but also the royal arms and letters C.R. four times repeated, which makes it evident that it is not identical with the Commonwealth mace. But, not satisfied with this evidence, the author instituted a rigid search amongst the archives in the Lord Chamberlain's office for the warrant, which he supposed might be in existence, for making a mace for the society, and was so fortunate as to find in the Book of Warrants for the year 1663 a warrant, under

the head of Jewel-house, ordering one gilt mace of 150 oz. to be "prepared and delivered to Lord Brouncker, president of the Royal Society of London, for the improving of naturall knowledge by experiments, being a gift from his Majestie to the said society." The discovery of this important document entirely destroys the long-entertained belief of the identity of the bauble mace and that in the possession of the Royal Society, and, at the same time, one of the most singular and popular errors on record.

THE PERCY SOCIETY.—The sixth anniversary meeting of the subscribers to this society, formed for the purpose of publishing ancient ballads, poetry, and popular literature, was held at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, St. Martin's-place. Lord Braybrooke, F.S.A., presided. From the report of the council it appeared, that the following works had been published, and issued to the members, since the last meeting:—Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, edited by J. M. Dixon, esq.; the Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury, edited by W. H. Black, esq.; the Pastime of Pleasure, an Allegorical Poem, by Stephen Hall; the Civic Garland, a Collection of Songs from London Pageants, edited by W. F. Fairholt, esq.; Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, of the Peasantry of England, edited by J. M. Dixon, esq.; the Romance of Syr Tryamour, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq.; and the Introductory Essay on the Romance of the Seven Sages, by Thomas Wright, esq. The income of the society during the year, was 283*l.* and the disbursements 263*l.* After the adoption of the report, and the election of officers for the ensuing year, thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Anniversary meeting, Lord Prudhoe, F.R.S., in the chair. The annual report of the visitors stated, that the receipts had been greater by 275*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*, and the expenses less by 79*l.* 4*s.* than those of the preceding year, whilst the general receipts of 1845 had exceeded the disbursements occasioned by every possible requirement of the Institution, by no less a sum than 908*l.* 13*s.* With this, in addition to a balance in hand of 738*l.* 13*s.* from the accounts of the previous year, they had discharged all the debts, amounting to 342*l.* 15*s.*, invested 395*l.* in the funds, and advanced to the patrons on account of the library, a further sum of 200*l.*, whilst there was a balance in reserve of 708*l.* 13*s.* The Friday evening meetings continued to keep up their high character of usefulness, coupled with popularity. The total receipts of the year were 3,012*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*, and the expenses, 2,103*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*

The other day, a person purchased a packet of books at a stall in Holborn: among them was a work entitled "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands," by Sir William Temple, Ambassador to the Hague and at Aix-la-Chapelle in the year 1668. On inspecting the volume, the purchaser discovered fourteen guineas of the reign of George I. as well as a letter (which, however, did not refer to the money, nor the reason for placing it in "its secret hiding-place,"), sewed up in one of the covers.

Mr. Everett has taken up his residence in Cambridge (U.S.), and entered upon the duties of the Presidency. His accession to this office, the highest literary distinction in the country, will be an auspicious æra in the history of Harvard University.—*Boston Courier*.

The directors of the Glasgow Commercial College have elected Mr. Richard Horner Mills, M.A. of Dublin, to the Professorship of Political Economy.

OPINIONS OF THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—THE CRITIC is looked for with much interest in the reading circles that I am connected with; its reviews are considered independent and sound, whilst evincing a kind tolerant spirit, yet sufficiently firm to repress that over production which is the great bane of literature. The departments peculiar to THE CRITIC—The Tourist and the Journal of Foreign Literature—are especially interesting to those increasing classes, travellers in foreign lands and students of foreign tongues. The departments for Natural History and Mental Philosophy are equally satisfactory, manifesting a fearless adherence to science based on facts, without regard to old pedantic dogmas. With my best desires for the increased success of THE CRITIC,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Barnsley, May 5, 1846.

THOMAS LISTER, Librarian.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 2 to May 9.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Aird's (D. M.) How to Speak and Write French Correctly, square 16mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Aird's (D. M.) Self-instructing French Grammar, 4th edit. corrected and enlarged, square 16mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—An Arithmetical Grammar, adapted to the Interrogatory System of Education, 4th edit. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bd.—A Manual of Homœopathic Cookery, by the Wife of a Homœopathic Physician, fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Animals, their Food and Instincts, square 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Attaché (The), or Sam Slick in England, new edit. 4 vols. post 8vo. 24*s.* cl.—Barnes's (Albert) Notes on the Acts of the Apostles, new edit. 12mo. 2*s.* swd. or 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Book (The) of Illuminated Initial Letters, new edit. 4to. [2*s.* cl.—Barrington's (Dr.) Chart of British Architecture, in case, 3*s.* cl.; Ditto of Foreign Architecture, 3*s.* cl. case.—Blessington's (Countess of) Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Boy's (The) Book of his own Country, by Uncle John, square 16mo. 4*s.* cl.—Bownas's (Samuel) Life, Travels, and Experiences in the Works of the Ministry, fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Blatch's (Wm.) Specimens of Death: Lessons for the Living, fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Burgon's (J. W., B.A.) Petra, a Poem, 2nd edit. fcap. 4to. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Carr's (T. S.) Manual of Classical Mythology, with a copious Lexicon-Index, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Carmichael's (Alex.) Believer's Mortification of Sin, with Preface by the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* cl.—Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, Vol. X. 12mo. 1*s.* bds.—Danish Story Book, by Hans Chr. Andersen, translated by C. Rorer, with illustrations by Count Pocci, First Series, square 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Edgeworth's (Miss) Harry and Lucy, 4th edit. revised and corrected, 3 vols. royal 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Finch's (Cath. I.) Scripture History for Young Persons, post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Farquharson's (Dr.) Pleasures of Home, &c. a Poem, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Fleming's (Rev. Robert) Rise and Fall of the Papacy, 12mo. 2*s.* cl.—Foote's (Rev. James) Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Treatise on Effectual Calling, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Galbraith's School and College Virgil, new edit. enlarged and improved by H. Owgan, T.C.D. &c. with notes from Anthon, Æneid; Books I. to VI. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bd.; or Books I. to XII. 12mo. 12*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Gregory's (Dr. G.) Elements of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, 6th edit. with additions, 8vo. 16*s.* cl.—Goodnatured (The) Bear, a Story, coloured plates, square cr. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl. gilt.—Harston's (Rev. Edw.) Peter walking on the Sea, and other Sermons, fc. 5*s.* cl.—History in all Ages, by the author of "Geography in all Ages," 14th edit. 12mo. 7*s.* cl.—Jesus Christ (The Life of, on Earth), a Series of Meditations, from the French of Novet, adapted for the Church in England, by Dr. E. B. Pusey, 12mo. 4*s.* swd.—Jay's (Rev. Wm.) Works, Vol. X. "Family Prayers for Six Weeks," post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Jesuits and Jesuitism, by Michelet and Quinet, translated by G. H. Smith, esq. (Whittaker's Popular Library) royal 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—King Ædipus of Sophocles, translated into English prose from the Text of Brunck and others, with Notes by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. new edit. 8vo. 5*s.* swd.—Key to the Apocalypse, being an Explanation of the Revelation of St. John, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—La Beaume's Practical Remarks on Galvanism, new edit. 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Lectures on Foreign Churches (delivered in Glasgow and Edinburgh), 2nd series, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—McGaughey's (Rev. J. W.) Elements of Architecture, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Maurice (Rev. F. D.) on the Epistle to the Hebrews, with a Review of Mr. Newman's "Theory of Development," 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Mariotti's (L.) The Blackgown Papers, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Milner (Geo.) on Cemetery Burial or Sepulture, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Milner's (Rev. Thos. M.A.) Gallery of Nature, or Pictorial Tour through Creation, with maps, plates, &c. 1 vol. impl. 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—Montauban's (Mrs. E.) A Year and a Day in the East, post 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—

Mills's (J.) *System of Logic*, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.—*M'Cullagh's (W. Torrens) Industrial History of Free Nations*, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*M'Cullagh's (W. T.) Use and Study of History*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Maund's Botanic Garden*, 1846, Vol. I. 4to. large paper, 20s. cl.; small paper, 13s. cl.—*Mahan's (D. H.) Course of Civil Engineering*, new edit. mostly re-written, with additional subjects and plates, royal 8vo. 14s. cl.

Notes of Travel at Home, by G. A. S. post 8vo. 4s. cl.
O'Sullivan's (Dr.) *Theory of Development, in Christian Doctrine applied and tested* (in answer to Mr. Newman), 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Ocean (The) and the Desert*, by a Madras Officer, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.

Patres Ecclesie Anglicane, edit. J. A. Giles, D. C. L. Vols. 36 to 43.—*"Sanctus Thomas Cantuariensis,"* 8 vols. 8vo. 4l. 16s. cl.; or separately.—*"Vita S. Thomae,"* ab E. Gumetallis, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*"Epistole S. Thomae,"* 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*"Epistole,"* Gilberti Foliot, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.; and *Herberti de Bosham Opera*, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*Puddecombe's (Julia) "Only in The Lord,"* or *Christian Marriage*; with Introduction, by the Rev. C. J. Goodhart, M.A. 18mo. 2s. cl.

Rouse's (R.) *Manual for Election Agents*, with Supplement, oblong, 4s. cl.

Scott's *Practical Cotton Spinner and Manufacturer*, 2nd edit. with plates, 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Scott's (James), The System of Prophecy*, generally held in Popish and Protestant Churches, 12mo. 3s. cl.—*Short Prayers for each Day in our Ecclesiastical Year*, by a Layman, vol. I. "Advent to Whitsunday," f. cap. 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Spring's (Dr. Gardiner) Attraction of the Cross*, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Thornberry Abbey, a Tale of the Established Church, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Thiers' History of the Consulate, &c.* translated by W. Stapleton, esq. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—*Thiers' History of the French Revolution*, translated, with notes, &c. by F. Shoberl, esq. 5 vols. 8vo. 40s. cl.—*Tod (David), Memoir of*, by the Rev. S. C. Baker, B.A. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Vinet's (Dr. A.) *Vital Christianity, Essays and Discourses*, translated by R. Turnbull, royal 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Watts's (Dr. Isaac) *Short View of Scripture History*, new edit. revised and corrected, 12mo. 3s. 6d. roan, lettered.—*Weber's Italian Dictionary*, 18mo. 4s. cl.—*Wanostrocht's Recueil Choisi de Traits Historiques*, etc. new edit. revised and enlarged, by V. Wanostrocht, LL. D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity*, 20th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*West's (Rev. Aug. W.) Spiritual Condition of the Seven Churches of Asia*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—*Whitlock's (N.) Picturesque Guide through Dublin*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*White's (Geo.) Practical Treatise on Weaving by Hand and Power Looms*, with illustrations, 8vo. 14s. cl.

Youatt's (Wm.) *"The Horse,"* with a Treatise on Draught, new edit. 108 woodcuts, 8vo. 10s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of

THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Redi's *Ditrambo*, "Bacco in Toscana,"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.—NEW VOLUME.

Published this day, Vol. VII. containing

ROSCEO'S LIFE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, called the Magnificent, including the copyright Notes and Illustrations, with a new Memoir by his son, and a fine Portrait, price 3s. 6d.

* * * Please to order Bohn's Edition, as a similar one has been put forth in a rival series, and although Mr. Bohn lately succeeded in obtaining an injunction against it, the Editor has again foisted it on the public with colourable alterations.

York-street, Covent-garden.

FANCY STATIONERY. News and Circulating Library, nearly 600 volumes New Works, Berlin Wool, suitable for widows or single ladies, in a fashionable West-end thoroughfare, near Portland-place, commanding a good trade and income; shop tastefully fitted up with plate-glass, &c. parlour, cellar, kitchen, yard, &c. Low rent, including terms, 7l. 10s. per quarter. Parted with for less than half the value. Leaving for America. Pictures alone cost 40l. 7s. guineas for the whole.

Apply immediately, on the premises, 6, New-road, opposite Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square.

TO STATIONERS and Others.—To be LET, in the Brompton-road, close to Knightsbridge, a BOOKSELLER'S and STATIONER'S, doing a good and increasing trade. The shop is spacious, with a double plate-glass front, and conveniently and elegantly fitted up. The proprietor is obliged to part with it on account of having other occupations. Premium, for lease, fixtures, and goodwill, very moderate. The premises consist of the shop, a large parlour, and bed-rooms.

For cards of address, apply to Messrs. Wilson, Richard, and Co. 26, St. Martin's-court, Leicester-square.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM, consisting of a new and elegant assortment of VASES, Figures, Groups, Candlesticks, Inkstands, Obelisks, Busts, Watchstands, beautifully inlaid and engraved Tables, Paperweights, &c. in Italian Alabaster, Marble, Bronze, Derbyshire Spar, &c. imported and manufactured by J. TENNANT (late Mawe), 149, STRAND, LONDON.

Mr. TENNANT arranges elementary collections of Mineral, Shells, and Fossils, which will greatly facilitate the interesting study of Mineralogy, Conchology, or Geology, at 2, 5, 10, 20 to 50 guineas each. He also gives private instructions in Geological Mineralogy.

BEARD'S COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS, so highly eulogised by all the leading journals, are TAKEN DAILY from 9 to 6, at 34, Parliament-street, Westminster; 85, King William-street, City; and the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street.

The brilliancy and warmth of tone gained by the patentee's new method of colouring add materially to the excellence of the portrait.

Licences to exercise the invention in London or the Provinces granted by Mr. BEARD (sole patentee of the Daguerreotype) 85, King William-street, City.

SHAKSPERIAN MOTTO WAFERS, the most unique of the elegancies in modern stationery which the new postage arrangements have called into use. Fifty of these wafers, stamped with a variety of mottoes from Shakspeare, and inclosed in an elegant little box, sent per post free, for 6d. (or seven postage stamps), to any part of the United Kingdom. Contents of

Box No. 1.—Like an old tale still—Stall this in your bosom—With sighs of love—When I love thee not, chaos is come again—A thousand good morrows—What I was, I am.

Box 2.—Away! by Jupiter, this shall not be revoked—Here is my hand, with my heart in it—The baby figure of the giant mass—Blown with the windy tempest of My heart—God's benison go with you—Once more adieu! the rest let sorrow say.

Box 3.—So shines a good deed in a naughty world—The heavens rain odours on you—I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—Hearts remote, yet not sunder—Pardon it: the phrase is to the matter—Every syllable a faithful verity.

Also fifty, &c. superb Wafers, stamped to order, with any required combination of two or three letters, and sent in a box, post free, to any part of the kingdom for 6d. or seven postage stamps. Also a quire packet of cream laid note-paper, and twenty-four adhesive envelopes, all stamped (to order) with any combination of two or three letters, and sent per post, as above, for 1s. 6d. or nineteen postage stamps.

H. Dolby, Heraldic Engraver and Wafer Stamper, 28, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, London. Trade supplied.

STOOPING OF THE SHOULDERS AND CONTRACTION OF THE CHEST, so injurious in youth and persons of all ages, effectually prevented and gently removed, by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is

light, simple, easily employed, either outwardly or invisibly, without uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. It is found highly beneficial to those much employed in sedentary pursuits, affording great support to the back, immediately improving the figure, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of consumptive diseases. It is deservedly patronised by the nobility and gentry, and to those who are prevented from taking much exercise it is found invaluable. It is made of rich black silk, and can be forwarded by post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London; or full particulars on receipt of a postage stamp.

THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILL.

An astounding Cure by this Miraculous Medicine, after every other means had failed.

A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845.

"To Professor Holloway.—Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad or Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of the ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.—I remain, with much respect, your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed)

"ALDBOROUGH."

Time should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following diseases:—

Ague	Consumption	Inflammation	Stone and gra-
Asthma	Debility	Jaundice	vel
Bilious com-	Dropsy	Liver com-	Tie-douloureux
plaints	Dysentery	plaints	Tumours
Blotches on the	Erysipelas	Lumbago	Ulcers
skin	Fever of all	Piles	Worms of all
Bowel com-	kinds	Rheumatism	kinds
plaints	Fits	Scrofula, or	Weakness, from
Colic	Goit	king's evil	whatever
Constipation of	Headache	Sore throats	cause, &c. &c.
bowels	Indigestion		

These truly invaluable pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple-bar, London, and of most respectable vendors of medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 14d. 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 22s. and 33s. each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B. Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, ENGRAVING, &c. &c. containing 28 pages or 84 columns, extensively illustrated by ENGRAVINGS—ONE SHILLING, MONTHLY.

THE ART-UNION, Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts, the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, and Record of British Manufacture.

Established in January 1839.

The ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight Monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as “ably and impartially conducted;” as “admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;” and as “at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claim upon all lovers of Art.” Similar recommendations have emanated from the foreign press; in *Galitzian* it has been commended for “sound taste and judgment;” and by the *Kunstblatt* (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as “a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art.”

The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to families in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the Student in Drawing it may prove a most desirable aid, and to Schools a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divest criticism of confusing and cumbrous technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partisanship as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1846; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining “sets,” several of the Parts having been “out of print.”

To Manufacturers, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers, and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the Useful Arts by subjecting them to the influence of the Fine Arts, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the mercantile value of the various productions of British industry.

In order to communicate facts so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by Explanatory Woodcuts. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and the mercantile value of the useful arts be augmented by the aid of the fine arts.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to show that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste, elegance, and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general use, which may be made subservient to the judicious education of the eye and mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

Thus publicity is given, as far as the influence of the Journal extends, to any improvement introduced into the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the continent. While, however, the foreign producer admits our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with mingled triumph and scorn to the forms of our productions. But a time is approaching when we may surpass the foreign competitor in design as much as we have hitherto excelled him in material.

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine-Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices require the aid of explanatory woodcuts, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We may thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward, while exciting a more general desire to achieve excellence. Hitherto the manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his productions had been subjected; for the public journals have completely overlooked the silent but powerful instructors which emanate from the factories of Great Britain.

The present period is auspicious for our purpose; the establishment of Schools of Design in the leading manufacturing towns of the kingdom is

producing the best results; and the boon recently accorded by the Legislature to the manufacturer, by enabling him to register his improvements, secures him from piracy. We have made such arrangements—during a recent tour in the manufacturing districts—as will enable us to procure copies of the best designs, at the time they are registered, and which we shall as early as possible afterwards, communicate to the public. Orders may be given through any Bookseller, or direct to the Publishers,

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND,

To whom all communications for the Editor may be addressed.

NERVOUSNESS: CURE FOR THE MILLION.—

Mr. HENRY NEWTON (late Chemist to the Rev. Dr. William Moseley) has made arrangements to extend to every member of the community the benefit of the great discovery for the CURE OF NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, which hitherto has been enjoyed by the upper and wealthier classes exclusively. Persons suffering from groundless fear, delusion, melancholy, inquietude, disinclination for society, study, business, &c., confusion, blood to the head, giddiness, failure of memory, irresolution, and every other form of nervous disease, are invited to avail themselves of this never-failing remedy. The most deeply-rooted symptoms are effectually and permanently removed. Hours for consultation daily from Eleven to Five, and in the evening from Seven to Nine, at Mr. Newton's residence, 7, Northumberland-street, Trafalgar-square. Letters, with a concise statement of cases, promptly attended to, and the means of cure sent to all parts.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE.—

Patronised by the Queen, and the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe.

A WHITE POWDER for the TEETH, compounded of the choicest and most recherche ingredients of the Oriental herbal—the leading requisites of cleanliness and efficacy being present in the highest possible degree. It extirpates all tartarous adhesions to the teeth, and ensures a pearl-like whiteness to the enamelled surface. Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties arrest the further progress of decay of the teeth, and induce a healthy action of the gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness; while by confirming adhesion to the teeth, they give unlimited and fresh zest to appetite by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. The Breath also attains a fragrant sweetness truly grateful to its possessor.

As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic Tooth Powder ever known, ROWLAND'S ODONTO has for a long series of years occupied a distinguished place at the toilets of the Sovereigns and the Nobility throughout Europe, while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.

Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of Stamps have directed the Proprietors' Name and Address to be engraved on the Government stamp thus, A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN, and which is affixed on each box.

Sold by the Proprietors and by Chemists and Perfumers.

. All others are FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS!

PARALYSIS.—To Invalids.—Galvanism has for a

long time been resorted to as a powerful remedial agent, but, unfortunately, it has been applied by men totally ignorant of its principles. Can it, therefore, be wondered at that it has so frequently failed of producing any beneficial effects? My great improvements in the GALVANIC APPARATUS was a method to regulate its power to the greatest nicety, so that an infant may be galvanised without experiencing the least unpleasantness; but no sooner do I make it public that I have made this discovery, than a host of imitators spring up like mushrooms, and state that they are also in possession of the secret, and by all I hear, a very pretty mess they make of their regulating power. Now all the world knows how eminently successful I have been in cases of paralysis, particularly in recent cases; this success I attributed entirely to my superior method of regulating the power of the galvanic apparatus; for without a perfect regulating power it is utterly impossible to produce successful results. Scarcely a week passes but I have two or three patients who have either been galvanised by some pretender, or have been using that ridiculous apparatus called the electro-magnetic or electro-galvanic apparatus, and, as may be reasonably expected, without the slightest benefit. Many pretenders in the country, having heard of my great success and my high standing as a medical galvanist in London, have made it public that they have received instructions from me, and are acting as my agents; and, not satisfied with this, I am informed that in Cheltenham there is a man selling galvanic apparatus, and representing them as being made under my direction. I shall, of course, endeavour to put a stop to this; in the meantime I now state that my galvanic apparatus can be procured from me only, as I employ no agents whatever. I will now endeavour to show how galvanism acts in cases of paralysis. Paralysis or palsy consists of three varieties—the hemiplegic, the paraplegic, and the local palsy. In the first, the patient is paralysed on one side only; in the second, the lower part of the body is affected on both sides; in the third kind, particular limbs are affected. The cause of the attack is a withdrawal of nervous influence from the nerves and muscles of the various parts. Now galvanism has been proved, by the most eminent physiologists, to be capable of supplying the nervous influence to those parts of the body which may be deficient of it, and hence the reason of its astonishing effect in cases of paralysis. In patients thus afflicted, I find that some parts of the spine are less sensitive than other parts; and, until those parts are aroused into action, the patient will not recover. Any medical man, who knows any thing whatever of galvanism, will be at once convinced how applicable galvanism must be for such complaints; for not only does it arouse the dormant nerves and muscles into action, but it supplies them with that fluid of which they are deficient—viz., the nervous fluid. I think it, however, but fair to state that, in cases of paralysis of long duration, I as frequently fail as succeed, whilst in recent cases I generally succeed. Still galvanism should be resorted to in every case of paralysis, no matter of how long duration it might have been, for it cannot possibly do any harm, and it may do good. I repeat, galvanism is a powerful remedy in cases of paralysis.—WILLIAM H. HALSE, 5, Pelham-crescent, Brompton, London.

G. WILLIS'S CATALOGUE

OF
AN INTERESTING AND VALUABLE COLLECTION
OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS,

PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY PARTS.

(Post free upon application to his extensive warehouse.)

GREAT PLAZZA, COVENT GARDEN.

DON'S GENERAL DICTIONARY OF GARDENING AND BOTANY, comprising the general history of the Dichlamydeous Plants, Description of the Different Orders, and a Glossary of Terms; the whole arranged according to the Natural System, many hundred cuts, 4 vols. 4to. cloth, 2l. 2s. (published at 8l. 8s.) 1838

The above excellent work is offered quite a bargain.

ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA, or Universal Dictionary of Knowledge, 24 vols. 4to. cloth, many hundred fine engravings. This most valuable Work, now just completed, and published at 56l. to be sold for 25l. 10s. 1829-44

ENGRAVINGS AFTER THE BEST PICTURES OF THE GREAT MASTERS, with descriptions, imperial folio, containing 20 fine Prints, from Pictures by Rubens, Claude, Lorraine, Murillo, Wouvermans, Wilkie, &c. engraved in the finest style of Art, imperial folio, half bound in morocco, gilt leaves and cloth sides (a very splendid work,) 2l. 15s. (pub. at 8l. 8s.) 1844

BROCKEDON'S (W.) PASSES OF THE ALPS, Maps and 109 fine Plates, engraven in the first style of art, by Finden, &c. 2 vols. 4to. half morocco, gilt edges, 3l. 3s. (pub. at 10l.) 1829

One of the most elegant and classically illustrated works which adorn the present age.

COLMAN'S (J. S.) ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF NORMANDY, accompanied by Historical and Descriptive Notices by Dawson Turner, 2 vols. in 1, royal folio, illustrated with 100 fine plates, half bound, morocco gilt, uncut, 4l. 10s. (pub. at 2l. 12s.) 1822

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, containing a History of the Science and the Principles of Designing Public Edifices, Private Dwelling Houses, Country Mansions, and Suburban Villas, and Laying-out and Ornamenting Grounds, by Professor Brown, 50 fine large copper-plates, and numerous wood engravings of Cottage Furniture, &c. stout royal 4to. cloth 18s. 6d. (pub. at 3l. 3s.) 1840

EDINBURGH REVIEW, complete, from its commencement, in 1802, to the end of the year 1842, with Index, complete, 74 vols. 8vo. half bound in calf, 10l. 15s. (cost 50l.) Edin. 1802 to 1842.

LIBRARY (The) OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, illustrated with numerous engravings on wood and steel, published under the superintendence of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in 43 vols. 12mo. bound in cloth, gilt, only 3l. 15s. (pub. at 9l. 13s. 6d.) London, v. y.

Independent of the great variety which these volumes offer, there is, perhaps, no similar series of works which is so well calculated for all classes. The learned and the unlearned, will find here an unceasing source of instruction and amusement.

GROSE'S (F.) ANTIQUITIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES, with the celebrated Introduction on Gothic Architecture, Monasteries, their Orders, &c. upwards of 600 engravings of ancient splendour in castles, churches, mansions, &c. with descriptions to each, 8 vols. imp. 8vo. half russia, uncut, 3l. 15s.

KIRBY'S (R. S.) WONDERFUL AND SCIENTIFIC MUSEUM, or Magazine of Remarkable Characters, including all the Curiosities of Nature and Art, from the Remote Period to the Present Time, illustrated with 124 curious plates, 6 vols. 8vo. cloth, 1l. 4s. 1820

NAPOLÉON MEDALS.—A complete Series of the Medals struck in France, Italy, Great Britain, and Germany, from the commencement of the Empire in 1804, to the Restoration in 1815, 40 plates, engraved by the process of Aquatinta Colles, with Historical and Biographical Notices, folio, cloth, 1l. 4s. (pub. at 6l. 6s.) 1837

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, the Blue Coat School.—Trollope's (Rev. William) History of the Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital, Memoirs of eminent Blues, the suppression of the Convent of the Grey Friars in London, illustrated with fine engravings; including a fine one of King Edward VI. presenting the Charter to Christ's Hospital after Hans Holbein, 4to. cloth, 12s. 6d. (pub. at 3l. 3s.) Pickering, 1834

DONOVAN'S EXOTIC NATURAL HISTORY, exhibiting Figures of Rare and Beautiful Foreign Birds, Insects, Shells, Quadrupeds, Fishes, and Marine Productions, with 180 fine coloured plates, 5 vols. royal 8vo. cloth, 2l. 15s. (pub. at 10l. 10s.) 1831

DUBLIN REVIEW (The), a complete set from the Commencement in 1836 to 1844, quite clean, in parts, only 2l. 10s. 1836-44

QUARTERLY REVIEW, a complete set from the Commencement in 1809 to 1844, with the three volumes of Indexes, 74 vols. the whole uniformly half-bound, calf, only 13l. 12s. (very cheap) 1809-44

RUDING'S ANNALS OF THE COINAGE OF GREAT BRITAIN, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, including the Supplement. Several hundred sheets of engraved Coins, new edition, 3 vols. 4to. cloth, only 3l. 10s. (pub. at 6l. 6s.) 1840

The above is a new and most valuable set of books, at a very low price.

RAPIN'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, translated and continued to George the Second, by Tindal, with the Heads, Monuments, &c. by Vertue and Houbraken, fine impressions, 4 vols. folio, calf, neat, 3l. 3s. Knapp, 1744.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, 6 vols. 4to. bound, half morocco, gilt, 4l. 10s. (pub. at 40l.) 1815-26

The above work contains a series of most elegantly coloured plates of Fruits, Flowers, &c. finished in colours equal to the finest drawings, an original copy from a subscriber.

G. Willis purchases Books and Magazines of all kinds. Lists of the same forwarded from the country will be returned with the valuation price.

New Publications.

THE LIBRARIAN'S REVIEW and **POLEMICAL LITERARY MAGAZINE**, Price Sixpence, is the only magazine published on the first of every month that is strictly devoted to a Review of Literature. Its criticisms are characterised by independence and common sense, two ingredients not generally found in literary reviews. "Its judgment may be safely followed."—*Bell's Life*.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster-row.

EARL FERRERS'S TRIAL.

Just published, in 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

THE TRIAL OF MARY ELIZABETH SMITH versus the Right Honourable WASHINGTON SEWALLS EARL FERRERS, in the Court of Queen's Bench, for an alleged Breach of Promise of Marriage. Printed from the Short-hand Writer's Notes, and the original Documents.

William Pickering, publisher, Piccadilly.

MUSIC FOR THE MANY.

THE MUSICAL HERALD, edited by an eminent writer, a new periodical, containing four quarto pages of select MUSIC, and four of entertaining and instructive Musical Literature, will be published on the 2nd of May, and every succeeding week, for the small charge of only TWOPENCE. Notwithstanding its unprecedented cheapness, all lovers of music are invited to inspect this specimen of a new era. To be had of all booksellers. This is another step towards the promotion of a musical taste in this country which deserves general encouragement. The music is both beautiful and correct.

WISDOM AND CHEERFULNESS.

THE FAMILY HERALD.—Parts 35 and 36, of this popular and interesting literary miscellany, price only 6d. each, contains, Malina Gray, by Mrs. Stephens—The Lady Helen—Valerie, or the Young Italian—The Selfish Wife—The Sleep-walker, by Zschokke—La Vendetta, or the Feud; by Balzac—Uncle John and his Nephew—Alonso and Zamora—The Professor's Daughter—and several other charming tales, with a variety of useful, moral, entertaining, and instructive reading, for the intelligent and reflective of all classes. Everybody reads the **FAMILY HERALD**, the most universal favourite ever published, and just the kind of periodical for while away a leisure moment agreeably and profitably. To be had of all booksellers.

With No. 157 (the commencement of a new volume) will be presented, GRATIS, the first number of the **MUSICAL HERALD**, containing eight 4to. pages of Music and Musical Literature.

DR. CULVERWELL'S GUIDE TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE. (300 pages, pocket volume), price 1s.; by post 1s. 6d.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID; With Diet Tables for all Complaints.

By R. J. CULVERWELL, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.A.C., &c.

CONTENTS:—How to secure perfect digestion, tranquil feelings, a good night's rest, a clear head, and a contented mind. By an observance of the instructions herein contained, the feeble, the nervously delicate, even to the most shattered constitution, may acquire the greatest amount of physical happiness, and reach in health the full period of life allotted to man.

To be had of Sherwood, 23, Paternoster-row; Carvalho, 147, Fleet-street; Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; Mann, 39, Cornhill; and all Booksellers; or direct, by post or otherwise, from the Author, 21, Arundel-street, Strand.

NERVOUSNESS: a Pamphlet containing novel Observations on the Rev. Dr. Willis Moseley's great original Discoveries, by which, for thirty years, after curing himself of a deep-rooted nervous complaint of fourteen years standing, he has had not less than 14,000 applications, and knows not twenty-five uncured who have followed his advice.

From noblemen to menials he has for thirty years cured persons of all classes and ages of groundless fear, mental depression, wretchedness, confusion, delusions, involuntary blushing, despair, indecision, dislike of society, blood to the head, sleeplessness, restlessness, thoughts of self-destruction, and insanity itself. This pamphlet is cheerfully sent to every address free of charge and franked home if but one stamp is enclosed. The original means of cure are sent in a pure and effective state to all parts. At home from Eleven to Three, 18, Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square.

USEFUL AND PRACTICAL WORKS, now ready, and may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the kingdom. Price 1s. 6d. in cloth; the Sixth Edition, enlarged, with the proper method of using GUANO AS A MANURE, in a dry or liquid state,

PRICE'S MODERN GARDENER; or Instructions, the result of experience, for forming, planting, and managing the Kitchen, Flower, Pleasure, and Fruit Garden, Hotbed, and Green-house. With directions as to the proper soils, the times and method of manuring, sowing, planting, pruning, and grafting; observations on the nature and progress of vegetation in plants, &c.

By T. PRICE, Market Gardener and Nurseryman.

Price 1s. 6d. in cloth; with two plates of Botanical Illustrations, and four plates of Coloured Flowers, the Second Edition of The

FLOWER GROWER'S INSTRUCTOR; comprising the rudiments of Botany, and practical instructions for the cultivation of FLORISTS' and other FLOWERS, and Flowering Shrubs, including those of recent introduction; proper soils and composts; management of Green-house, &c.

By JOHN GREIG.

London: Dean and Co. Threadneedle-street, and all Booksellers.

LONDON:—Printed by HENRY MORRELL COX, of 74, Great Queen Street, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at his Printing Office, 74 & 75, Great Queen Street aforesaid, and published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 39, Essex Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, Publisher, at the Office of THE CRITIC, 29, Essex Street aforesaid, on Saturday, the 9th day of May, 1846.

l
al
s
e
s
i-
r,
s,
r-
ne
ad
-
od
s,
ne
e.
g.
ad
ur
n-
he
ps,
re-
e,
s,
id,
in
ab-
ca